

# THE LIVING AGE.

EIGHTH SERIES }  
VOL. VI }

No. 3807 June 23, 1917

{ FROM BEGINNING  
VOL. CCXCIII }

## CONTENTS

I. The Russian Revolution; A Review by an Onlooker. <i>By John Pollock</i>	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER	707
II. My Memories. <i>By Cardinal Gibbons</i>	DUBLIN REVIEW	718
III. Christina's Son. Book I. Chapter I. <i>By</i> <i>W. M. Letts.</i> (To be continued)		724
IV. Disabilities of Indians in the Colonies. <i>By K. M. Pannikar</i>	HINDUSTAN REVIEW	731
V. Dickens and James T. Fields. <i>By W.</i> <i>Glyde Wilkins</i>	DICKENSIAN	735
VI. The Romance of the Barber. <i>By W. H.</i> <i>Adams</i>	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	741
VII. The Harvest. <i>By Ernest K. Challenger</i>	POETRY REVIEW	748
VIII. Women and the Legal Profession	NEW STATESMAN	750
IX. Today	SATURDAY REVIEW	753
X. A Common Sorrow	TIMES	755
XI. Jill-of-All-Trades and Mistress of Many	PUNCH	757
XII. Industrial Unrest	ECONOMIST	757
XIII. America and the War Temper. <i>By Ecib</i>	NEW STATESMAN	760
XIV. The Present Value of Cavalry	OUTLOOK	762
XV. The Future of Palestine	SPECTATOR	764
A PAGE OF VERSE.		
XVI. Lavender	PUNCH	706
XVII. In England. <i>By May O'Rourke</i>	TIMES	706
XVIII. Solitary. <i>By E. F.</i>	ATHENAEUM	706
XIX. The Caravan of Death. <i>By Abu'l-Ala</i>		706
BOOKS AND AUTHORS		767



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY  
6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents

## LAVENDER.

Gray walls that lichen stains,  
That take the sun and the rains,  
Old, stately and wise;  
Clipt yews, old lawns flag-bordered,  
In ancient ways yet ordered;  
South walks where the loud bee plies  
Daylong till Summer flies;—  
*Here grows Lavender, here breathes  
England.*

Gay cottage gardens, glad,  
Comely, unkempt and mad,  
Jumbled, jolly and quaint;  
Nooks where some old man dozes;  
Currants and beans and roses  
Mingling without restraint;  
A wicket that long lacks paint;—  
*Here grows Lavender, here breathes  
England.*

Sprawling for elbow-room,  
Spearing straight spikes of bloom,  
Clean, wayward and tough;  
Sweet and tall and slender,  
True, enduring and tender,  
Buoyant and bold and bluff,  
Simplest, sanest of stuff;—  
*Thus grows Lavender, thence breathes  
England.*  
Punch.

## IN ENGLAND.

Today the lonely winds are loose,  
And crying goes the rain,  
And here we walk the fields they knew,  
The Dead who died in pain.  
The fields that wait the slow hours long  
For sounds that shall not come—  
In other fields, in other earth  
The laughing hearts lie dumb.

And—  
There are silent homes in England now,  
And wakeful eyes in England, now,  
And tired hearts in England, now,  
Unhailed by fife or drum.

There are crocuses at Nottingham  
And jonquils in the South,  
And any Dorset child may press  
A snowdrop to her mouth.

The broken flesh that Flanders keeps,  
It, too, may have its flowers,  
But are they haunted, memory-sad  
As these new buds of ours?

For—  
There are ghosts abroad in England,  
now,  
And crying winds in England, now,  
And none forget in England, now,  
The wasted lives and powers.

Here, we who cannot even die  
Live out our emptied days—  
The maimed, the blind, the witless,  
throng  
Our unassaulted ways.  
Around our lives, the broken lives  
Like worthless toys downthrown,  
And they were dropped in Hell, whilst  
here  
The early flowers had blown,

But—  
Our hearts are pierced in England, now,  
And none forget in England, now,  
That redder seed than England's now  
In Flanders earth is sown!

*May O'Rourke.*

The Times.

## SOLITARY.

He moved his fellowmen among,  
And changed with them some forms  
of speech.  
His heart was separate from his tongue,  
They would not hear his heart be-  
sech.

Their needs were very-like his own,  
Quivering in bodies numb and dazed;  
They smiled and talked and felt alone—  
Did not their hearts look on amazed?  
*E. F.*

The Athenaeum.

## THE CARAVAN OF DEATH.

If you will do some deed before you die,  
Remember not this caravan of death,  
But have belief that every little  
breath  
Will stay with you for an eternity.  
*Abu'l-Ala.*

## THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

A REVIEW BY AN ONLOOKER.

During the last days disorders have taken place in Petrograd, followed by force and assaults on the lives of soldiers and members of the police.

I forbid every kind of assembly in the streets.

I warn the population of Petrograd that commands have been issued and repeated to the troops to use their arms and not to stop short of anything in order to assure tranquillity in the capital.—Habalov, Lieutenant-General Commanding the Forces in the Petrograd Military Area, February 25, 1917.

The above proclamation was posted in the streets of Petrograd on the morning of February 26–March 11. Its effects were quickly seen. Before evening there were some three hundred dead, killed in the square opposite the Nicolas Station by machine-gun fire and over a hundred more along the Nevsky Prospect. At night the streets, that had been unusually full of sight-seers, were deserted, the Nevsky was guarded by troops from end to end, and a searchlight installed in the Admiralty illumined its waste and menacing length. The Government appeared to be securely in possession. On the following morning a proclamation was posted from General Habalov that if all the workmen did not resume work by the morning of March 13 they would be arrested and sent into the ranks. He received an answer no less prompt than startling. In less than twenty-four hours from the signing of his second threat General Habalov was a prisoner and almost the whole of Petrograd in the hands of the populace and revolutionary soldiery.

In the midst of the most gigantic war one of the most momentous of known revolutions has been accomplished in the space of exactly seven

days. Nevertheless, it began not as a revolution to change the form of government, but as a movement directed against the particular Government that was in power because the Government had become suspicious to all thinking and patriotic men. The first appeals made preserved the Emperor's authority, and the people showed no wish to change it; but events moved rapidly beyond this point. The immediate causes of the revolution are the reaction that has only gained in severity since the assassination of Rasputin, provocation by agents in the service of the Home Minister and probably bought by German money, and shortage of bread. It is the last that, acting on the exasperation produced by the two former, has brought about the explosion. An intimate connection links the three causes together, and all three are closely connected with the conduct of the War.

From an early stage in the War there has existed a strong pro-German element in the Russian Government and much criminal negligence and actual treachery in high places. The mass of the nation, the huge unlettered peasant population, were inspired by vague feelings of patriotism, while among the small educated class all the progressive spirits looked to victory over the Germans as a priceless chance for the nation to raise itself towards self-consciousness and freedom. The first revelation of highly protected treachery was the plot of Colonel Myasoyedov, an intimate friend of the Minister of War, which gave the Germans the key to Lithuania. This was followed by the staggering news that the Minister himself, General Suhomlinov, under the exalted ægis of the

Imperial Inspector of Artillery, had failed to provide more than a fraction of the shells required by the Army. From that moment the nation wholly lost confidence in the Government, which proceeded to justify its distrust in the most thorough manner by a reversion to an almost daily increasing reaction. "From Goremykin onwards," said a conservatively minded Moscovite lawyer, "every change of Prime Minister has been for the worse."

The last straws on the back of Russian society were the events that attended the appointment as Home Minister of Protopopov, known to have held communication with enemy agents in Sweden and the complete gag that he was allowed to put upon the Press. At the same time the other members of the gang, who, like Protopopov, owed their offices to the debauched charlatan and favorite of the Empress, Gregory Rasputin, were given a free hand to perpetrate numerous private and public crimes. In every rank of society it was freely said that the nation and the army were sold by the Empress's minions, and that she aimed at obtaining a regency to replace an Emperor whose weakness, garrulousness, and drunkenness had become a by-word. Should she succeed in this, it was thought certain that by fomenting disorder at home and obstructing the conduct of the war she would gain her desired object and force upon Russia a separate peace which, while ruining forever the hopes of progress, might save her native country, Germany, and would delight the ranks of reactionary bureaucrats. The policy pursued by the Empress was in the highest degree alarming to the circle of Grand Dukes, who almost unanimously protested against the banishment without trial of the Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovich for his share in the murder of Rasputin in December, 1916. Many of their number,

apart from this, not once, but often, represented to the Emperor that subservience to his wife must end in disaster. When these protests were disregarded it became generally believed that a Court revolution would take place and Nicolas the Second be dethroned in favor of his brother or his uncle. No one foresaw the immediate likelihood of a large popular movement, which, however, many thought to be inevitable after the war.

The first bread riot in Petrograd took place on the 8th of March. Its synchronization with the Emperor's departure for General Headquarters—for he was nominally Commander-in-Chief—was probably not due to chance, but was the sign of the deep causes at work; Protopopov's agents, on the one hand, provoking disorder, and on the other German money being spent with the same object among the Social Democrats, in whose ranks in Russia the claims of internationalism often call forth a readier response than those of patriotism. The rioting was so far confined to the Viborg side, the chief workmen's quarter of Petrograd, but in the center the tramway service had already become irregular. On the 9th the rioters stopped the trams across the river, terrorizing the drivers and throwing parts of the mechanism away, so that the service grew still more intermittent. Visits were paid to all the factories and the hands called out in a sympathetic strike against the sudden food shortage. On this day too a prefect of police (an official ranking above the district colonels of police and next to the prefect of the city) who threatened the crowd was killed. Strong Cossack squadrons patrolled Petrograd, and there was a collision on the Nevsky, in which the Cossacks used their whips, but they told the crowd they would not shoot so long as they only asked for bread.



Alarmed at the attitude of the Cossacks, the authorities on the 10th brought troops of the line into the streets to support the police, posted machine-guns on the Nevsky, and stopped traffic across it at many points. Protopopov, approached by one who endeavored to convince him of the madness of his methods, only answered: "Do you know how splendidly machine-guns work from the roof?" When the Duma met in February Protopopov had received the Emperor's special thanks for having kept order, which was effected by planting machine-guns to command all approaches to the Duma. As it soon turned out, he had now had the roofs at every important street corner garrisoned by police with machine-guns, and it is said that he promised a rise in pay of fifteen roubles a month and a present of fifty roubles to every man for his part in the bloody work that was expected. To Protopopov's disposition of the machine-guns the success of the revolution is due. Had they been properly posted in the streets at strategic points and a sound scheme of co-operation arranged among the police and the gendarmes, some fifty thousand in strength, they could have swept every living thing from the streets: placed in dormer windows and behind parapets, the mitrailleuses were extremely difficult to train on their objective, and the police forces scattered throughout the city in innumerable small detachments were not in a position to support one another.

On the same day the first serious bloodshed took place, the police opening fire on a peaceful crowd opposite the Nicolas Station and inflicting some fifty casualties. Sunday, March 11, began nervously. There were soldiers everywhere in the streets, and strong bodies held in reserve in courtyards. By now the trams had all stopped, and it was hardly possible to find a car.

No newspapers appeared. About 3.30 P.M. the troops began to clear the streets round the Nevsky at the bayonet point, and soon afterwards the police turned their machine-guns onto a crowd at the same place as the day before, but with more deadly effect, a Caucasian officer who was near by estimating the number of dead at 300. At the same time heavy firing took place further down the Nevsky, and opposite the Kazan Cathedral several score more people were killed. The crowd here retaliated with pistol shots, another prefect and a colonel of police, besides policemen and various innocent passers-by, being killed. It was significant that soldiers were seen among the crowd firing on the police, and a number of men and some fourteen officers of different detachments were arrested for refusing to support the police with arms. On the same afternoon a drunken officer of the Volynsky Regiment, named Lashkevich, ordered his men to fire on the crowd. They refused, but Lashkevich forced one of the soldiers to obey. His shot killed a woman. Thereupon the men returned to barracks and spent the night in great agitation. In the morning on Monday, March 12, a detachment of gendarmes arrived to arrest the refractory soldiers. On this the battalion rose, overpowered the gendarmes, killed Lashkevich and some other officers, and at 8 A.M. left their barracks and rushed through the streets cheering. They were quickly joined by the Litovtsky and Preobrazhensky Regiments, and in the course of the day by two or three others. First they marched to the artillery depot close by, then to the arsenal across the river, both of which they seized, burning the Courts of Justice on the way. The general in command of the artillery depot and several other persons were killed in the course of this. Beyond the district in which

this occurred the event was not yet known.

At eleven o'clock the present writer, in company with a naval officer, drove in a motor-car through the lines of the revolutionary troops and of the Government troops called out to meet them, unaware that anything more than rioting had taken place. The revolutionaries were in fair order, and the two sides watched one another curiously, without any hostile action.

When, soon after fighting began, it became apparent that no troops in Petrograd could be relied on by the Government, in the early afternoon the police began to fire on the soldiers, and among the troops adhesion to the revolutionary ranks became general. In order to avoid recognition many officers in the revolted regiments dressed like privates. There were by now no police on the streets, and crowds from across the river profited by the revolutionary troops having overpowered the bridge guards to come into the center and help to spread the spirit of revolution. Among their first objectives were the prisons where political prisoners were kept. These were released, but with them ordinary criminals also, to the number of some 15,000, and some of the prisons were burned. Attention was next turned to the police stations, which were sacked, and the huge bonfires made by their contents, furniture and papers, lasted for more than a day and a night. The main police archives too were seized and burned and in the evening the contents of the prefecture itself, which had been the scene of much fighting, suffered the same fate. English readers must remember that the police of Petrograd were scarcely in any sense an instrument for preserving order, but were almost solely agents of political repression. By night the revolutionaries were in possession of the whole city, except the

Winter Palace, the Admiralty, and the telegraph and telephone stations, the latter of which worked fairly well all through the day. The guard regiments in Petrograd going over to the revolutionaries, these now numbered between thirty and forty thousand, and the only fear expressed was as to the attitude of the two divisions stationed at Tsarskoe Selo and of the troops at Moscow. Those who wished ill to the movement confidently expected that the tables would soon be turned and with crushing effect. Had these troops gone against the people, the revolutionaries, their discipline completely relaxed and many having given their rifles away to the crowd, must have succumbed. When the immense excitement is considered, and the fact that, after years of reaction and months of the sternest repression of whatever kind of public expression, all authority was suddenly removed from the troops and populace alike, it must be thought wonderful that so little disorder occurred. There was no general looting, well-dressed ladies who ventured out or dodged the fighting to get to their homes were not molested, and though officers were stopped and their arms taken from them, they were not for the most part ill-used.

As early as Saturday, March 10, Rodzianko, the President of the Duma, had sent a telegram to the Emperor begging him to take measures to avert disaster and to allay feeling. On the 11th he telegraphed again that the government was paralyzed, that shooting was going on, that all public services were disorganized, and urged him to entrust the formation of a new government to someone enjoying the confidence of the country. On the morning of the 12th he telegraphed: "Position growing worse. Imperative take immediate measures, since tomorrow will be already too late. The

last hour has struck when the fate of the nation and of the dynasty will be decided." To these telegrams only one answer was received. On the morning of the 12th a decree was forwarded to Rodzianko from Prince Golitzin, the Premier, dated two days before from General Headquarters, and proroguing the Duma "to a date not later than April, 1917, dependent on extraordinary circumstances." It was clear that Nicolas the Second and his advisers were bent on crushing the popular will, and believed that this could be done. Faced by a desperate position Rodzianko rose to the greatness of his task with a promptitude for which the Allies should be forever grateful to him. He assumed a responsibility which had the revolution failed would undoubtedly have cost him his head, and disregarding the prorogation summoned a meeting of the Duma. The members of all parties but the Right met at 2.30 and proceeded to elect a Temporary or Executive Committee for the establishment of order in Petrograd, which assumed and during the next three days kept control of the government. Rodzianko had already telegraphed to the generals commanding the various fronts, and had received answers from General Brusilov, on the southwestern, and from General Russky, on the northern front, that were at least not hostile. From General Ewert, the lowest of the three in character and talent, he received no answer; and General Ewert has since resigned his command. At 1 o'clock p.m. Prince Golitzin informed Rodzianko by telephone that he had resigned office, and was followed by almost all the other members of the Cabinet except Protopopov, who had vanished. The revolutionaries searched and pillaged the houses of ministers, the last-named only escaping a few minutes before their arrival. Before evening the

president of the Council of the Empire, and former Minister of Justice, a man notorious for having debased justice and corrupted the courts, was arrested, and the beginnings of a national government already existed in Russia.

Throughout the day of March 13 fighting in Petrograd was general and heavy. The telephone was early captured and communication cut for the rest of the day. Every street corner became a trap for machine-gun and rifle fire from the police, ensconced in the upper part of the houses and shot at in their turn by parties of soldiers and civilians sheltering in doorways below. Soldiers in motor lorries or armored cars dashed to points where the fighting was fiercest, and in many places a furious battle raged all day. It was not until the afternoon of Wednesday, March 14, the Winter Palace having been evacuated and the Admiralty captured on the evening of the 13th, that this gradually died out as the effect of an order from the Duma Committee that the owner and head porter of any house from which firing took place would be held responsible. These head porters, or *dvorniki*, were responsible to the police for the identity of every inmate in their houses, and one of their chief businesses was in fact spying for the police. It was clear that the latter could not now have mounted guns upon the roofs without their knowledge, and the prompt result of the proclamation proved its wisdom. Even before this, when in the course of the 13th and the morning of the 14th it became known that the troops at Tsarskoe Selo, Pavlovsk, Oranienbaum and Cronstadt had joined the people and later that the garrison of Moscow too had thrown in its lot with the revolution, feeling had become quieter. The autoeracy was left without serious defense, except in the unlikely event

of the soldiers at the Front declaring in its favor. Desultory but heavy outbursts of firing continued in Petrograd till Thursday night, March 15, when a detachment of five hundred provincial police suddenly arrived, overpowered the station guard, and marched through the city until dispersed by armored motors. So recently as March 20 one or possibly more motor cars ornamented with black flags have been dashing along the streets loosing off occasional belts of machine-gun cartridges at the passers, killing or wounding many. But such piratical efforts are futile. Since March 14 the red flag flies everywhere in the capital.

It is at present impossible to arrive at an exact figure of the numbers killed in and after the fighting, but it is certain that the agreeable statements made as to the bloodlessness are much exaggerated. The lowest estimate puts the number of dead at over two thousand; higher estimates at as much as ten thousand, while the number of wounded must also be considerable. The truth probably lies between four and five thousand killed. In the two days before the revolution broke out, some five hundred were killed in the center of the city; during the three days of fighting many more, and this takes no account of the casualties beyond the river on the Petrograd and Viborg sides. Many officers were murdered by their men in the Baltic fleet as well as in the army. Many policemen captured red-handed were made prisoners and taken to the Duma; but very many more were shot on the spot and their bodies flung into the canals. In the provinces the revolution was of a paper character, being mostly executed in the telegraph offices. Normal life was scarcely interrupted for more than one day in Moscow, and even less in other cities. It is none the less believed that not a

few policemen and officers were disposed of in various parts, victims it may be in many cases of private revenge.

Warned by the fate of others, ministers and lesser servants of the old régime hastened to give themselves up to the Duma or were hunted out of hiding. Among the first was Stürmer, at whose residence a chest of coined money was discovered. Nor was he the only one to provide in hard coin against a rainy day, for at the house of Count Fredericks, the Minister of the Court and one of the chief props of the German system, there were discovered two boxes packed with gold. His house, full of objects of value, and probably also of highly interesting correspondence, was burned to the ground. The wine cellar in the Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna's palace, valued at half a million roubles, was destroyed for fear that the mob would sack the house. Kshesinska, the leading dancer of the Imperial Ballet and a former mistress of the Emperor, inspired by similar motives, took warning betimes and fled to Finland. The *Hôtel Militaire*, *ci-devant* the *Astoria*, from which it was said that officers fired on the revolutionaries, had been attacked and captured on the 13th; its lower floors were gutted and several officers and civilians killed or wounded. The majority of the officers in Petrograd were quick to realize that the old order had passed away, and among the many processions of soldiers and employees who marched to the Duma to signify their adherence, none was more pleasing than that of a great number of officers, many colonels and even generals among them, who on the 14th, after a meeting at the Army and Navy Club, went to place themselves at the orders of the Duma Committee. On the same day the Grand Duke Cyril Vladimirovich, a man indeed of no political significance

but much opposed to the Empress, signified to the Duma that he would whole-heartedly support the new régime with all the strength of the Navy Guards. Protopopov, who had spent the intervening two days since his disappearance in wandering about the streets, seeking refuge with his friends and being refused by all, had given himself up late the night before, and with his arrest the last shadow of the old government vanished. On the 14th the Duma Committee appointed Commissioners to take charge of the various ministries and other public offices and telegraphed the news to all the towns of Russia that it had temporarily undertaken the direction of affairs, and a municipal militia was established in the capital with its head office at the Town Hall.

Within a few hours of the appointment of the Executive Committee of the Duma, a Council of Workmen's Deputies was organized also at the Duma, composed of labor representatives, some soldiers, and a few stray sympathetic politicians. They divided the city into districts, to each of which a Commissioner was appointed, and representatives were invited to be sent from the factories and from every company. The object of the Commissioners was "the establishment of the popular power in the districts of Petrograd." "We call upon the population of the capital," their proclamation ran, "to gather round the Council, to organize local district committees, and to take into their hands the direction of all local affairs." By the 14th of March the Council was consolidated and enlarged into the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies, and was making a bold bid to get the power over the army into its hands. Order No. 1 posted throughout Petrograd on the 15th of March ordained that in all their political concerns the military were subject to the Council, that com-

mittees were to be elected by every battalion or company to supervise the internal administration of the regiments, that all arms were to be under control of the committees and in no circumstances to be returned to officers as the Duma Committee had authorized, and that the orders of the Military Commission set up by the latter were only to be obeyed when they did not contradict the orders and resolutions of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies. On the 13th discipline was non-existent. Many of the soldiers had given up their arms to the crowd and were drifting listlessly about the streets watching the progress of the fight and in difficulties for food. On the 14th, though the food difficulty had increased, their behavior was better; they paraded in companies, though still many without arms, and preserved some outward orderliness. The adherence too of the officers on this day had its effect, and soldiers even began to salute again. But with the publication of the Council's Order an immediate deterioration became noticeable. The semblance of order preserved the day before vanished and was replaced by a sullen and occasionally a threatening attitude. There were no longer signs of respect for the officers, and the men went about asking for food and collecting money to support soldiers' tea-houses that had taken the place of many cafés. Small squads went round searching private apartments for arms, without, or refusing to show, the authority they should have had from the Duma: a fact greatly to the advantage of criminals, who dressed themselves up as soldiers and carried off valuables from citizens who dared not resist. It was known that a strong party for the immediate conclusion of peace existed among the workmen, and the gloomiest anticipations, freely entertained, were intensified by reports of



the enemy having broken the Russian lines near Dvinsk. A counter-report, as it turned out equally untrue, that came late in the evening of a Russian advance in the same district, to some extent restored spirits, but the situation remained one of great tension.

From the very first day of the revolution, a news-sheet was issued with the imprint of the "Committee of Petrograd Journalists" and distributed gratis in the streets. This had to compete with the fuller sheet of the Workmen's Council, which though sold at five kopeks enjoyed greater facilities for distribution, and it was not until Sunday the 18th that the publishers could arrange with the compositors to allow the regular papers to come out. The Council further forbade cabs, which began to be seen again on the streets on the 17th of March, to ply for hire after 7 P.M.; but they have had difficulty in enforcing this rule. Over the tramways, however, the Council had complete control; the wires, cut by bullets, were repaired by the 20th but no trams ran in the evening till some days later. The theatres too are sought to be brought under the workmen's heel: the Council flatly refused leave to any to open until the burial of certain victims of the fight in the cause of freedom, whom they proposed to inter in the great square opposite the Winter Palace.

By dint of much tact and forbearance on the part of the Duma Committee and of the new government announced by it on the 15th of March with Prince Lvov, the President of the Union of Zemstvos, as prime minister, an open breach with the Council has hitherto been avoided. Frequent reports indeed are spread of the harmony reigning between the two bodies. But the mischief done in the first two days by the Council has spread very wide, and may prove irreparable.

While many of the troops have returned to their duty, and fair discipline is kept, and work goes forward, the peace party among the socialists have not relaxed their efforts, and have succeeded in affecting some at least of the soldiers at the front. General Alexeiev, nominally Chief of Staff and virtually Commander-in-Chief, has been called to task in the workmen's organ for issuing orders that unauthorized bands calling themselves deputies be prevented from disarming the railway gendarmes, which if allowed would give them control over the stations and the line. General Radko Dmitriev has found it necessary in two proclamations to remind his troops that in the face of the enemy discipline must be preserved and that until new regulations are properly issued the old ones must remain in force. General Russky is said to have protested against the presence of socialist deputies who hold meetings among the soldiers. On the 23d of March the papers contained separate appeals to the army and the nation from A. I. Guchkov, the new Minister of War, and from the whole Cabinet; and a third signed by Guchkov and General Alexeiev. All three are couched in the most urgent terms and call upon citizens to do their duty at the front and at the rear, workmen and soldiers alike. They inform the nation that a tremendous effort of the enemy is to be expected, that Petrograd is threatened by pressing danger, and that should the Germans be victorious their victory will be gained not only over the Russian State but over the newly won freedom of the Russian nation. They passionately beg the soldiers to trust and follow their officers, who shared danger and hunger, and freely laid down their lives with their brothers. Guchkov's appeal ends: "The hour of trial approaches." In yet another appeal

on the 24th the Minister of War wrote: "The enemy threatens the capital. . . . The danger is great." Nevertheless obstinate rumors circulate that soldiers are leaving the Front, and that the officers are helpless to control them. The extreme socialists make no secret of their desire. Their program is "Down with the War at any cost, in any circumstances." In the third number of *Truth (Pravda)*, the Moscow organ of this party, it is declared: "We hate every kind of despotism. We hate the despotism of William and of Briand, of Lloyd George and Ferdinand, just as we hate the despotism of the Romanovs." In the fifth number (March 22) a leading article calls upon the soldiers in the trenches to raise the red flag, sing the International, refuse to attack, and fraternize "widely and systematically" with the soldiers on the other side. This party flatters or professes to flatter itself that if fighting is stopped on the Russian side there will be a revolution in Germany and the Emperor and the bourgeois régime will be overthrown. True, they are opposed by other sections of the socialists, but unfortunately under present conditions their quarrels are almost as pernicious as if all were united against the war. In spite of recent appeals by the Council of Workmen's Deputies, few of the factories in Petrograd had resumed work on the 21st of March, and the men may go out again at any moment.

March was the month when Paul the First was murdered. In March Alexander the Second was slain. And on the 1st of March Nicolas the Second set out for his last journey as Emperor from General Headquarters, with the object of reaching Tsarskoe Selo. It is said that Rodzianko's second and third telegrams were never delivered to him, and that General Voyekov, one of his most intimate advisers and a successful tool of the

Empress, otherwise chiefly known by having made a fortune out of an inferior mineral water, only told him of the revolt in Petrograd when forced to do so by General Pavel, who said that if Voyekov refused he would burst into the Emperor's room by force. Voyekov thereupon told the Emperor that students and revolutionaries had worked up the young conscripts to terrorize the Duma but that the loyal regiments from Tsarskoe would easily put the movement down. The Emperor set out in one train with Generals Voyekov and Pavel and Admiral Nivel, who appears to have been fuddled with drink the whole time, the suite following in another. Near the junction for Pskov, revolutionaries managed to damage the engine of the second train, which could proceed no farther, and General Pavel insisted on telling the Emperor the whole truth, that Tsarskoe and Moscow equally with Petrograd had abandoned his cause, that a telegram had been received not to allow the train nearer to Petrograd, and that the Emperor's position was hopeless. An attempt was then made to return and to go to the front, but the line had been blocked behind the last station and it had to be abandoned. One thing only remained, to proceed to Pskov, General Russky's headquarters, and there to await events. Thither on the 15th of March A. I. Guchkov and V. V. Shulgin proceeded from Petrograd with the Duma Committee's commission to negotiate with the Emperor. They arrived at ten o'clock in the evening, and immediately had an interview with the Emperor in his train, at which were also present General Russky, Count Fredericks, and another General, who took notes, probably Voyekov. The once all-powerful autocrat, who was in the uniform of a Caucasian regiment, listened to an exposition of the state

of affairs by Guehkov, who led up to the conclusion that he must abdicate in favor of his son, the Grand Duke Alexis, and nominate as regent his brother the Grand Duke Michael. When Guehkov came to this point, General Russky bent towards Shulgin and said "That has already been decided." The Emperor replied to Guehkov as follows: "I reflected all yesterday and today, and I have decided to abdicate from the throne. Until three o'clock today I was ready to abdicate in favor of my son. But then I understood that I was incapable of separating from my son." Then, after a little pause: "I hope you understand that." He continued: "Therefore I have decided to abdicate in favor of my brother." The deputies asked leave to consider this proposition, which was unexpected, in private, but after a short colloquy announced that they accepted it. They then presented a prepared form of abdication to the Emperor, who affixed his signature in pencil. The whole proceedings were simple, quiet, and evidently not unfriendly.

The next day, however, when the matter was laid before the Grand Duke Michael, the latter politely but firmly refused to accept the crown, except in the event of its being offered to him by a Constituent Assembly elected by the nation by universal, direct, and secret ballot. In this the Grand Duke (who passed some time in England and rented Lord Lytton's house at Knebworth) showed more political judgment than the new government had shown in attempting to keep his nephew Alexis on the throne. Events had already moved beyond the point where the workmen or the educated progressives or the soldiers in Petrograd would consent to see a Romanov on the throne. Even the Grand Duke Nicolas, summoned from the Caucasus to take up again the chief command by the Duma Committee with

the nominal authority, in one of his last acts, of Nicolas the Second, has been compelled by the trend of events to lay it down. The nation has suffered too much from a dynasty which with but few exceptions has proved itself either cruel or effete, or both; which during the last forty years has expended every effort in repressing the smallest tendency towards westernization; and which has finally played foolishly or knavishly into the hands of the foe. It is unlikely in the extreme that a Romanov will ever again wear the crown. Unless the Germans take Petrograd and impose their own terms of peace it is unlikely that anyone will wear a crown in Russia. The new government is displaying enough ability to justify the belief that if it had a fair chance it would find its way towards a stable and democratic republic. It is the misfortune, not only of Russia, but of her Allies, that the chances are not fair. Ministers have to take up the reins where they were dropped in blood and dirt and treachery by Nicolas the Second's government. They have to fight the Germans in a war already made difficult by the wickedness of their predecessors, and seriously handicapped by the necessity of provisioning the population after transport has been allowed to wind itself into a complete tangle. But when they have also to make head against malicious want of patriotism and ceaseless efforts to crab the war on the part of socialist agitators, the tools or dupes of German intrigue, and against the wrong-headed eagerness of other perhaps honest workmen to snatch at a class advantage without thought for their country, their task may well seem desperate. They may yet achieve it. They are able and devoted. They have backing among the saner workmen, that has grown in the last few days; they have the officers

with them; much, if not all, of the soldiery would shrink with horror from defeat at the hands of the Germans. But the soldiers are ignorant, and the magic of their discipline has been broken. The issue is on the knees of the gods. Should the disaster that the government and the generals warn us against occur, and should Russia lie again under the burden of a Romanov, set up by the conqueror, we may be sure that his reign would not be long. The Russian people has raised its head too high; it could never sink again into the slavish courses from which the revolution tore it; it will always remember how in the teeth of everything that tyranny could devise it flung off the shackles and established order within itself. And English people must remember this too, that the worst case will not be worse than what would have come without this revolution. No one who has not worked for the war in Russia for the last two years can perhaps quite realize how increasingly difficult work had become during the last part of that period: how every channel has been clogged, how every enthusiasm has been killed, how stagnation has spread over every activity. Precisely when and how it would have happened cannot yet be seen, though history may learn it, but the writer has not a doubt that the former government would have succeeded in selling Russia and the Allies to the Germans, and would have left a Russia miserable, ashamed, semi-Asiatic, and economically ruined instead of the great and splendid democratic nation that she has now won the chance to become. Yet should she barter away her new freedom for a mirage, the way will be long and may be still more dreadful to retrieve it.

After his abdication the Emperor was allowed to return to General Headquarters. But on the 20th of

March four deputies were dispatched by orders of the new government to arrest and bring him to Tsarskoe Selo. The motive for this is said to have been that leave having been given him to telegraph to his wife, but only in plain words, he nevertheless dispatched a cipher telegram to her. Whatever the reason, the arrest was effected without any opposition on the 21st of March and at 11.35 p.m. Nicolas the Second arrived at Tsarskoe, where he and his wife and family remain under strict supervision. Happily, the unfortunate suggestion that the Imperial family should be sent to England has been dropped before the serious trouble that would undoubtedly have come of it has arisen.

Meanwhile the government, appointed by the Executive Committee of the Duma, remains both in fact and in name temporary. On the 19th of March it announced that in due time a Convention would be summoned to decide the future constitution of the Russian State. In view of the large number of men at the front, it is hard to see, even in the best case, how this can be before the end of the War. Whatever form of government the Convention elects, the people's representatives are sure to insist upon a redistribution of the land and maybe upon the confiscation of monastic property, which lies heaped in millions without the slightest return by way of spiritual or educational participation in the nation's life. But these are problems for the future. With the announcement of the Constituent Assembly and the arrest of the Emperor, the Russian revolution has come to the end of its first phase. The air that Russians breathe is free. All that an Englishman and a lover of their country can do is to wish them God-speed in a task that cannot but be troubled, and to show by his sympathy that in the main, in

spite of excesses and crimes wrought by the ignorant and the exasperated, in spite of the dreadful possibility that Germany working through her secret friends and agents may paralyze and disrupt the power of Russia's forces, nevertheless he feels that, in so far as the inner life of Russia is concerned, right has triumphed and the curtain been drawn upon the long drama of brutal despotism, unsweetened by any grace of chivalry or touch of ideal.

John Pollock.

Petrograd, March 11-24, 1917.  
The Nineteenth Century and After.

NOTE.—My son has been in Russia for fully two years administering the "Great Britain to Poland" Fund, collected at home for the benefit of refugees from Poland and Galicia, and has made frequent journeys to Moscow, Kiev, and elsewhere. The reader is requested to observe, as to matters of opinion, that the hopes and fears of well-informed Russians are recorded as they stood on the 24th of March, and that the present outlook is considerably changed for the better. —*Frederick Pollock.*

## MY MEMORIES.

I have been asked to write my recollections for the *Dublin Review*, and the only reason I can imagine for such a request is that I have lived a longer time than almost any man now in public life.

It must be very difficult for the present generation to reconstruct for themselves the world into which I was born, things are so completely changed. The Napoleonic Wars were still a living memory. Many people who were by no means old when I was a boy had seen General Washington; and, when I was ten years old, men who were as old then as I am now were fourteen years of age at the time of the Declaration of Independence. Slavery was in existence in the Southern States, and was to remain in existence until I was a grown man and a priest. Machinery was just coming into use, but nobody dreamed of the extent to which it would be employed later on. Electricity in all its uses was almost undreamed of. Men knew from the experiments of Benjamin Franklin that it might possibly be used, but the telegraph, telephone, and electric light had still to come. Railroads were a

new invention. The Catholic Church, both in England and in this country, was a small and very depressed body. I was eleven years old when Newman became a Catholic. Those two great Movements which were to spread Catholicism so marvelously throughout the English-speaking world—I mean the exodus of the Irish people after the Famine, and the entrance of a large body of Anglicans into the Catholic Church—were still to come. In short, one may say that when I was a young man we were still living on the legacy of the eighteenth century.

The first really great man whom I can remember to have known intimately was the venerable and learned Archbishop of Baltimore, Dr. Francis Patrick Kenrick, who ordained me to the holy priesthood. He was the first great intellectual light of the American Church, and his *Moral Theology* remains to this day a monument of his erudition, although to my mind his greatest work has not yet received the full recognition which it deserves. I mean his version of the Sacred Scriptures; for to his translation of the



sacred volume he brought the ripest learning of his age, combining the correctness of the Douay with the beautiful English style of the King James version. It is a pity that his translation is not better known among Catholics, especially here in America, where it was made our American Authorized Version by the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that Dr. Kenrick was probably the most learned man of his time in the United States. But he was not only a very learned, he was a very holy man as well, and of the greatest simplicity of character. When he was appointed Archbishop of Baltimore and translated from Philadelphia, he arrived in Baltimore in a most characteristic fashion. I have often heard our old sacristan at the Cathedral tell how he went into the sacristy one morning at five o'clock and found a strange Bishop waiting to say Mass, who proved to be the new occupant of the Archiepiscopal See. He had come very quietly during the early hours of the morning; and, after his Mass at the Cathedral, in the same quiet and unostentatious way he entered his Episcopal residence and took up the duties of the principal diocese of America. It was marvelous how he combined study and writing with his duties as Archbishop. As I sit in my study, which was also his, I can call him vividly before me as he sat at his desk working busily over his translation of Holy Scripture, or over his *Moral Theology*; but ever ready to put down his pen to answer a knock at the door and to receive a visitor. Now it would be some important ecclesiastic, but just as frequently some little child of the parish who had come in to spend a few moments with one who was noted for his great love of little children. His door was ever open to visitors, and all classes of the community sought advice and comfort

from him. He was of such simplicity of character that he could never refuse to anybody in trouble whatever financial aid was in his power. In fact so great was his beneficence that he was constantly in a state of absolute poverty, having given away everything he possessed.

He could never have accomplished what he did if he had not lived in most profound recollection. When it was time to go off on a visitation he would lay down his pen, go out and get into the carriage, often take a hard and difficult journey, and, returning, he would come to his desk and take up his work exactly where he left off. He was heart and soul for the preservation of the Union; and there can be no doubt that what seemed to be the breaking-up of the Union in 1861 very much hastened his death. I can very well remember a painful experience which the Archbishop went through during the first year of the war. We have a prayer in America composed by Archbishop Carroll for all estates of men in the Church of God, and it was the Archbishop's custom to have this prayer read publicly before Mass, in the vernacular, especially in the Cathedral Church, where, by the way, it is still read every Sunday. In this prayer there is a petition that the Union of the American people may be preserved; and, when the Southern States began to secede, so high did secession sentiment run in Baltimore that some of the clergy begged him to omit the prayer in which the objectionable petition found its place. At last, when all the clergy of the Cathedral had begged to be excused, the Archbishop determined to read it himself, and I suppose during the reading of that prayer he suffered more than one could well imagine; for, when he mentioned the Union of the States, many people got up and publicly left the Cathedral, and those who remained

expressed their dissent from the Archbishop's petition by a great rustling of papers and silks.

It was from His Grace that I imbibed a strong attachment to the Union. I had been born a Southerner and brought up a Southerner, and my heart was, of course, with the Southern States. Indeed, my brother was actually fighting in the Army of the Confederacy; but I could never believe that secession would succeed, and even if it should succeed I could not help but see that it would be the destruction of what was already a growing, and what might become a very great, nation. Therefore my head was always with the Union. But the Union authorities were not always as considerate as they might have been in their treatment of those States which did not actually go out, but in which the secession sentiment was very strong. Baltimore was put under martial law, which was very strictly enforced; and this created a great deal of secession sentiment which did not exist before; and men like myself, who was then a priest and known to be of Union sympathies, were often treated rudely and harshly by the military authorities. I was myself at that time military chaplain at Fort McHenry, and I remember that on one occasion, after having heard the confession of a Southern prisoner, I tried to get him some much-needed nourishment which had not been provided for him by the doctor of the hospital; and for this act, by which I tried merely to help a suffering fellow-creature, irrespective of his politics, I was told that my services would no longer be acceptable at the fortress, and that I need not return. However, I did return, since I threatened to make known to the higher authorities what had taken place; and men who exercise martial law with little regard for the feelings of

those below them are often very sensitive as to the feelings of those above them.

I sincerely hope that my countrymen may never again live through a period like that between 1860 and 1865, when the very foundations of our national existence seemed to be breaking up, and there were times when chaos seemed to stare us in the face. All war is terrible, but civil war is detestable, for it not only puts man against man, but it puts brother against brother, and children often against their own father. But if the Civil War was terrible, the after effects in the South were deplorable. The party in power after the war acted toward the South with what I can only describe as abominable perfidy. The war had been carried on by the Union on the supposition that the Southern States, being an integral part of the Union, could not leave it, and the Union Armies declared themselves to be fighting merely to maintain the Southern States in their former relations with the Federal Government. But after the war they treated the South as though it were a conquered country, and deprived the States of the inalienable right to local self-government. I can only attribute this to the death of that great and good man, Abraham Lincoln, who so thoroughly understood the temperament of the American people, and whose earnest desire was to do justice and to extend mercy. His murder was the greatest misfortune which ever came upon the South. It was, as many people may remember, on a Good Friday night; and it was an extraordinary coincidence that at the very time of the murder I was preaching a sermon in one of the churches of Baltimore, on the ingratitude shown in the action of the Jews, and especially of Judas, toward Our Divine Lord. "Imagine," said I, "a great and good ruler, who had done everything to

deserve the confidence and affection of his subjects, who had lived only for his country and had had no desire but for his country's good, imagine such a ruler struck down by the hand of an assassin! Would you not feel, my brethren, a deep indignation at his murder?"

Shortly after the Civil War I was made Vicar-Apostolic of North Carolina, where I had a chance to see all the horrors of reconstruction at their worst. I shall never forget my introduction to my Vicariate. The night I arrived in Wilmington, there was a torch-light procession of the emancipated slaves, many of them now holding office and domineering over their former masters. If one can imagine an enormous crowd of negroes, most of whom were intoxicated, all of whom were waving torches in the blackness of the night, one can very easily imagine the first impressions of a new and very young Bishop.

The next great event in which I had any part was the Vatican Council, of which I was the youngest Bishop, and of which I am now the only Father surviving. As it is very hard for Americans of these days to understand the bitterness which preceded our Civil War, so it is very hard for Catholics to realize the bitterness of controversy which existed before the Vatican Council. The controversy consisted not so much as to whether or not the Pope was or was not infallible. All of us had been brought up in the doctrine that he was the center of unity; that communion with him was communion with the Catholic Church; that severance from him meant severance from the Visible Church of God, and therefore his infallibility seemed to be an inevitable conclusion. The controversy raged for the more part about the expediency of the definition. There was a large number of Bishops who thought it inexpedient to define the Infallibility

of the Roman Pontiff at the time when the Church was not on the best of terms with many States of Europe; even with Catholic States. They feared to exasperate the Governments of Europe and to throw back possible conversions. As a matter of fact neither of these things has taken place. The definition of Papal Infallibility did more to rescue the Church from the dominion of the State than anything in modern history. And those outside the Church who were willing to accept the doctrine of the Primacy, could not but see that in accepting it they had accepted Papal Infallibility as well. But it is much easier to look backwards than forwards; and many prudent and holy men augured the worst possible effects from a definition which has proved to have been of the greatest benefit to Catholic Christianity.

I suppose that the thing which impressed me most at the Vatican Council was the absolute freedom of the Fathers in stating their opinions. Nobody could say that the definition was brought about in a hurry, or without true deliberation. I have heard difficulties stated against the definition outside the Council, but I never heard the difficulties against it put with more cogency or force than within the Council Chamber. Often when one of the Fathers was stating the difficulties in the way of a decision, I trembled for the definition itself. "These arguments," said I, "are so strong they surely can never be answered," and yet they always were answered, and answered triumphantly.

An Œcumenical Council is probably the greatest sight on earth. Bishops were there, not only from the countries of Europe and America, but from the depths of Asia, from darkest Africa, and from the Islands of the sea. There were Bishops of almost all rites recognized by the Catholic Church

—Latins, Greeks, Greek Ruthenians, Armenians, Eastern and Western Syrians, Maronites; even the Copts or Christians of Egypt were represented, although the Coptic Patriarchate of Alexandria had not yet been restored. When one considers the difference of customs, of nationality, of points of view, of culture, and yet the unanimity of the decision, one can only adore the Omnipotence of God, Who alone can make men to be "of one mind in a house," and can make brethren, so vastly different in all worldly respects, yet dwell together in the unity of one Faith. There were Bishops there who had been Confessors for the Faith in prison, and there were Bishops there who afterwards died martyrs for the Faith of Jesus Christ. Whenever the Episcopate of the Church is together about the steps of the Throne of Peter, centuries are rolled back and the Church lives again with all the vigor of her pristine youth. If the Bishops of America and England were an example of how the Church could cope with modern problems, the Bishops of Spain were almost living in that wonderful civilization created by the Church in the Middle Ages; the Greek and Ruthenian Bishops were still living in a civilization impregnated with the spirit of Byzantium; and the Bishops from China, Japan, and especially Corea, were striving to make Christianity viable to a still older and still more conservative civilization. There can be no better proof of the contention that the Church is independent of time and place; that she lives in every civilization and can make herself understood by every age, and clime, and people; that she is, in short, the Universal and Catholic religion revealed by God for the salvation of all men.

The next great event in which it pleased Almighty God to give me a

part was the triumphant struggle of the Labor organizations to be recognized as lawful by the Holy See. Ever since the Reformation the relations of Capital and Labor had become more and more contrary to the principles of the Gospel. I have said somewhere else that in the sixteenth century practically all Englishmen owned their own homes; and now that support and buttress is wanting to all but about one-tenth of the population. And what is true of real property is equally true of the means of production. Machinery had gradually lowered the workman to the status almost of a slave; and it was believed in the 'seventies and 'eighties of the last century that the rights of Capital were so sacred that no aid could be given to the people in asserting their rights without the danger of bringing about the Red Revolution. The excesses of Capitalists on one hand had brought about equal excesses of Socialism on the other—excesses which would be likewise destructive of human liberty and human happiness. For the Socialist State is nothing and can be nothing else than universal slavery, and it is for this reason that the Church has strenuously opposed it. She has ever been the protector of free institutions; and as she changed the absolute monarchies of the old Roman Empire, and indeed the later monarchies of the Middle Ages, as she changed the Roman Insula generally with its hordes of slaves into the mediæval town, so now would she enfranchise the working classes, not handing them over, bound hand and foot, into the clutches of uncontrolled Capital, and far less sacrificing them to the servile state of the Socialist.

These principles are now taken for granted. Everybody knows where the Catholic Church stands. But it was not so in 1880. I had myself just received the Cardinal's hat when the

question of the attitude of the Church toward the Knights of Labor, which was the principal Trades-union of those times, came up for decision; and I can never forget the anxiety and distress of mind of those days. If the Knights of Labor were not condemned by the Church, then the Church ran the risk of combining against herself every element of wealth and power; and at a time when the Pope, having lost his Temporal Sovereignty, was a prisoner in his own palace. But if the Church did not protect the workingmen she would have been false to her whole history; and this the Church can never be. My great friend and colleague, who fought with me shoulder to shoulder for the rights of the Christian Plebs, has long since gone to his reward; but I cannot speak of this subject without recalling the indomitable courage and perseverance of Cardinal Manning. This great Cardinal should ever dwell in the hearts of Englishmen as a companion figure of that other great ecclesiastic who fought for the liberty of the people so long ago, Cardinal Langton. What a marvelous thing it is to think that after three hundred years of oppression the Catholic Church in England should have been able to give to the English people so soon after the restoration of her Hierarchy such a striking reminder of her glorious past.

It is very difficult in writing Reminiscences of this sort to speak of individuals whom I have known; because, although most of them have passed out of this present life, many of their relations and friends are still living. But I cannot forbear to mention some of the great men whom it has been my privilege to know, as, for instance, the gallant General Sheridan, who was as good a Catholic Christian as he was a good soldier; and the great Mr. Cleveland—un-

doubtedly one of the foremost statesmen that the English-speaking world has produced in our time. But perhaps my most cherished memory is that of the greatest man whom I have ever known—Cardinal Newman. Many things have been written about this "most illustrious man," as our late Holy Father, Pius X, called him; but no amount of writing can give the impression which personal contact with him gave. He was like a shining light in a dark place. He produced on one the impression of infinite refinement without any trace of weakness whatever. One felt in him an extraordinary sweetness of disposition, and yet one felt that in the things of God he could be absolutely inflexible. We who knew him were all persuaded, and I think our persuasion was not wrong, that it was he who was to make Catholic Christianity viable to the modern world, as St. Thomas had made it for the mediæval, and Clement of Alexandria for the Greek or Roman world. He had that marvelous gift which only a few historians possess, and which is rarely possessed by a great thinker—the gift of seeing the present in the past, and of judging what would be by what had been. He had a wonderful conception not only of the history of Christianity, but of the history of human opinion generally; and he could tell to a nicety just where the same need of Catholicism would arise again.

Cardinal Newman saw all history as a great tradition wherein every age spoke for itself, and that is the true conception of history. Indeed, it is my excuse for writing this article and for the strong personal note which it cannot help but contain. One of the greatest uses of old age is that old men can speak from personal experience of that which younger men know only from books; and so it is through those whom God has spared



beyond the allotted span of human life that tradition really lives, and it is  
The Dublin Review.

only by a living tradition that history can ever be understood.

*James, Cardinal Gibbons.*

## CHRISTINA'S SON.

BY W. M. LETTS.

### BOOK I.

#### CHAPTER I.

Christina, coming in from the cold and darkness of a February evening, looked with bewildered eyes at the gas-light in the hall.

She was crying. Her veil, damp with the mist and with her tears, was in her way as she put up her handkerchief to dry her eyes.

She glanced at the drawing-room door which was closed. She heard the voices of her parents within. Her father's hat was on the rack. She gazed at all the familiar things, the umbrella-stand, the card-basket, the aspidistras, with a bewildered glance. There seemed something almost insolent in their look of permanence, of urban well-being. Outside in the cold and dark, nature, at least, had been sympathetic. The forlorn aspect of the world had been a fit setting for her distress. But here all things spoke of a cheerful prosperity. One could not conceive of tragedy in this warm, well-lighted interior. There was a savory smell of fried meat in the air, a redolence of chops which conveyed a certainty that though thrones might totter and hearts might break, the supper gong would sound at half-past seven.

Christina fled upstairs to her bedroom. Here the gas jet was but a golden bud in the gloom. The girl flung herself on the bed face downwards.

"Oh, God!" she sobbed, "oh, God!"

She lay there, a crumpled heap of humanity and damp clothing. It seemed that her little world had fallen in pieces about her, the little unstable world of twenty-five years.

Presently the drawing-room door

was opened and closed. There was a cheerful voice in the hall speaking to someone in the kitchen. Then came footsteps on the stairs, the footsteps of a heavy person in heelless slippers. Christina held her breath, and listened for the tap on the door which she had just locked. It came.

"Darling—is that you?" asked a voice.

"Yes, mother."

"You've locked your door. Mayn't I come in?"

"Oh, yes . . . I . . . I was just resting a minute."

"Quite right. But I'm sure you're damp. I want to feel your skirt."

Christina was a daughter of the Victorian era. The period was the early 'eighties. She never dreamed of refusing to open the door. Her mother recognized neither locked doors nor locked hearts.

"Let me in, love," she said insistently, and the key turned even as she spoke. Mrs. Merridew sailed in. She was ample in dress and person, a comfortable, matronly woman who brought with her a sense of serenity and British security. She might in her proper person have typified Consols. There was a perfume of toilet vinegar about her, and even this seemed to be symbolic of her powers of refreshing and quieting the weary and excited. She felt her daughter's coat (she called it jacket).

"How damp you are. Take it off, dear, and hang it on the bannisters, and your skirt too. Mary will take them down to dry. Now take off your boots and let me feel your soles."

While Christina did her mother's bidding, Mrs. Merridew turned on

the gas. "I suppose you'd no umbrella," she said.

"No, mother."

Christina stood in what little shadow she could find near the bed curtain. She never lifted her eyes to her mother's face. She was painfully conscious of blotched cheeks, a red nose and trembling lips. But the mother noticed these things, and with firm kind hand dragged away that veil of silence which the daughter wrapped around her shrinking soul.

"You're very much upset, darling, of course you are. It's a terrible experience for a girl, whatever the novels may say. And he's such a nice man, it made it harder, didn't it?"

Christina sobbed aloud.

"Oh! mother, it was dreadful. I wouldn't have walked with him if I'd known. Why didn't you warn me? Somehow when I was leaving Mrs. Hughes I had a nervous feeling . . . and then . . . he . . . he said could he see me home. I wanted other people to come too. I dreaded being alone, but I couldn't refuse, and so I thanked him . . . and then . . . then it all happened."

Christina stood in the middle of the room sobbing into a damp rag of a handkerchief. She looked very slight and forlorn in her bodice and petticoat. A more fanciful woman than Mrs. Merridew would have seen in her an image of womanhood caught in the net of Fate.

"What can I do?" the girl asked desperately.

"Dear girl, you'll make yourself sick. Come now, don't take on about it. No one dies of a broken heart in these days. Be sure the young man has gone back to his dinner, and if he's a little bit sorry, it'll do him no harm. He'll get over it before long, for I don't fancy he's romantic. If you ask me, Christina, he'll be married long before you are."

Christina dabbed her eyes and looked tearfully at her mother.

"He said he wouldn't, that I was the *only* girl. . . ."

Mrs. Merridew laughed. She looked very British and composed, a woman to whom surprise or hysterical emotion would be impossible.

"He said! . . . of course he said, my dear, but there are thousands of other pretty, well-educated girls in England, and he can choose. A well-to-do, good fellow like that won't beg in vain. I daresay he'll be married before the year's out, so come, dry your eyes, and do your hair. What will father say to see his little girl in that state?"

Christina went obediently to the dressing-table and began to do her hair.

"How frightful I look," she exclaimed. "Mother, I can't think why he's in love with me; it's so funny."

Mrs. Merridew shook out the girl's wet skirt. "Well, of course, *we* love you," she answered, "but with him it's just fancy, I suppose. You can't say why you catch measles one time and don't another. Love is like that; he was ready for it and he met you."

"Then why don't I love him?"

"Well, I suppose you weren't in a state to catch it, or perhaps you've had it, my poor child."

Christina said nothing. She would not face even her own reflected eyes.

"It is all strange and terrible to me," she said, "all tangle and bewilderment and misery. Yet as a child I used to think it would be nice to have a lover. Everything is so different from what one expects. Why don't older people warn us?"

"How can we warn you? Every experience is different. You'd laugh at our advice, you know you would."

Christina turned round, her bare arms raised over her head as she coiled her hair. "Mother, did you know about him?"

"Of course I did, child, from the first moment that he looked at you."

"Did you? Does father know?"

"Of course! He asked your father's leave. *He* is not one of your up-to-date young men who ask the daughter before they ask the father."

"Mother . . . father mustn't talk to me about it."

"There! there! Why should he? You've refused the young man. That's an end of it."

Christina put on the bodice of her dress. It was a blue cashmere.

"Are you sorry I refused, mother?"

Mrs. Merridew came to the dressing-table. She drew forward a chair that looked too small for her majestic person. Her daughter glancing at her felt that old sense of stability in her mother, the feeling that she was one of the powers of life. This was a woman who had grown up in the following of a great queen, a queen who had a hundred thousand maids of honor among the solid righteous bourgeoisie of her kingdom, a queen who made the adjective Victorian expressive of worth and prudence. Mrs. Merridew was stout and comely. Her face had not lost its pretty color. Her gray hair was parted above a placid brow. In the days of her youth "mild" and "serene" had been adjectives beloved by the poets, and therefore esteemed by young womanhood.

Christina, disheveled by grief and torn by remorse and indecision, waited for her mother's word like some distracted soul before an oracle.

"Dear girl," the mother answered, "for myself, of course, I do not wish you to marry. What would father and I do without our darling? You—our only daughter, we should be heart-broken without you. But you see, Christina, father and I have to consider your future. We are old people, my love, oh! yes, we are; we cannot live forever. One must face it—the

loneliness for you. When the boys have their portions we cannot leave you more than a hundred a year—that is very little for a single woman. And what would you do, child? You might live with one of your brothers, but you wouldn't like it. Brothers are not sisters—that's their one fault."

"I'd live alone," said Christina desperately.

"Alone! You'd live alone, too poor to be much considered, without the position, the dignity of a married woman, with no vital interest like children, with no man bound to protect you and look after your welfare, and all the time you would be growing older, plainer, more lonely—with what to look forward to? The care of indifferent servants to whom you are nothing but a tiresome old woman with a little money."

Christina gasped.

"Oh! mother, but I may marry someone else."

"You may, my dear. But it's much more likely that you will not. Men don't grow on gooseberry bushes."

"Then . . . then I could work, make friends. Oh! it needn't be so dreadful as you describe. And, after all, marriage has troubles too—you know it after all the complaints one hears."

"Of course; marriage has more troubles and far more anxieties than single life, but the compensations are more. Mr. Travis is a good man. There, you've said it. He's not romantic, perhaps, not a girl's fancy. But he'll wear well, child, he's serviceable. Believe me you'll be happier with him than with some gay operative creature whom you adore. Look about you, Christina; the happy wives are, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, women who never fell in love with their husbands. It's not talked about, but it's true."

The girl shrank. In spite of a

cynicism common to youth, a cynicism that follows on a first encounter with the ugliness of reality, she clung desperately to something which she counted the ideal, a chimera of high love, mutual and passionate. "They may do it," she answered; "yes, yes, I know they do. I've noticed that Madge isn't in love with John, but Madge is different, she loves her house and her furniture. Oh! mother. I cannot talk about it, but it is ugly, shocking. To do it one would have to harden oneself, to get blunt somehow."

Mrs. Merridew looked away. Some quality of the vestal virgin still inherent in Christina's outlook on life made her half ashamed of what she urged.

"Yet," she said, "I know I'm right. In a year it all comes to the same thing. If you were in love you are out of it; you are reduced to the same steady affection that you reach if you are not in love. I only speak from experience. But there, child, you are free as air. No one will urge you. You have refused the young man, that is an end of it."

She sailed towards the door, a fine matronly figure, very different in her ripe experience and serenity from the troubled girl in her perplexity and untried powers.

"But, mother," said Christina desperately, "suppose . . . suppose I married him and then fell in love with someone else."

"You wouldn't. My daughter would never do such a thing."

"But people do. I might meet the—the right one."

"If you did, you would just keep it to yourself. People in our world do not make scandals. We have never had a scandal in our family."

"Yet one reads in the newspapers—"

"Then you shouldn't. I never read divorce cases. They are all very well

for father and other gentlemen, but quite unsuitable for ladies. Now there's the gong. Lower your gas, dear, and come down."

Christina had grown up to regard the conventions of home as laws of the universe. She obeyed directly.

In the dining-room she found her father standing at the head of the table waiting to say grace. He was a pleasant-looking, elderly man, of a ruddy face and white hair and whiskers. Everything about him was healthy and normal. His dress had an air of temperate prosperity. His tone, as he said the blessing, was that which one might fancy to be characteristic of the worthy son in the parable of the prodigal. It was the tone of one who is quietly conscious of being his Father's good and profitable first-born. The gaslights in the chandelier illumined his bald head and his bright kindly eyes. To see him carving roast beef was to see him in his element, so British was he.

With kindly complacency he ignored the tear-stained face of his daughter. He expected absolute self-control from women. Their emotions were, it seemed to him, a bedroom matter. Downstairs they would respect the conventions. He did not look at Christina, knowing that she was still suffering the after effect of storm. To give her time for recovery he talked to his wife, discussing the affairs of the town and of the day.

Mr. Merridew was a retired Manchester cotton broker. He had made enough to purchase a new villa, called "Avalon," in Orchard Road, a road that had recently sprung into existence in a residential part of Southport. Here he lived in quiet prosperity, having laid by enough to portion his four sons and his only daughter. Three of his sons were married and lived in different parts of England, and the fourth was a rolling-stone,

who failed to gather moss, in the United States.

Mr. Merridew read the paper at breakfast and discussed it at supper, or to be more exact he delivered his address at supper, for the women of his household never argued with him. He grew a little apoplectic if the other side were presented to him, and this, as Mrs. Merridew rightly observed, was bad for his digestion, a matter far more important to her than the fall of dynasties.

If his sons differed from him, the mother shot warning glances and tried to press a foot or a knee to enjoin care. It was quite in accord with her view of the world that a man in his own home should claim infallibility of judgment.

This evening Mr. Merridew held forth on the Irish question. All the men, he declared vehemently, should be shot as an offering to the spirits of the recently murdered Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. The women and children could emigrate; they would find husbands in Australia. Then the Scotch should colonize Ireland.

Christina laughed.

"It's the only way, my dear, a nation of cut-throats and papists and dirty blackguards."

Mrs. Merridew, seeing signs of an excitement that ill accorded with digestion, said tactfully: "And how was the city today, father?"

"Oh! well enough, but things are going to the dogs. I went into the office and there was young Smith, hat on the back of his head, dead-beat, he said, after a ball last night. What are we coming to? The young men of today aren't what *we* were, mark that, Christina."

"I'm sure they're not, father."

"Flimsy creatures—no energy, no capacity, no strength. Self-indulgent, lazy young grasshoppers. England

will go to pieces if she breeds men like that—no respect for law or parents. It's all due to Mr. Gladstone and the Liberals," he added fiercely; "they'll ruin us."

Mrs. Merridew smiled benignly. She was more interested in the cabinet pudding than in the political Cabinet, for the former was, after all, her own department. Politics she regarded as her husband's sphere, and here she respected him, quoting his words with solemnity, "My husband says——"

Christina, silently eating her pudding, fell into reflection on the mutual relationship of her parents. She noticed, often with amusement, the curious dual attitude that her mother preserved towards her father. She was to him both ruler and slave. Veiling her purpose with exquisite diplomacy she guided him through life, instilling into him her judgment in a manner that made him believe it his own, asking his advice after she had made her own decision, saying, "Would you think it well to say this or do that?" and accepting her own opinion meekly from his lips. She was his guide and his philosopher under the semblance of an obedient wife. For man in the moral or social sphere she had a kindly contempt, the contempt of an old nurse for a boastful, silly child. She regarded woman as man's natural protector, and she shared this regard with a large portion of her sex: It was also the attitude of the wise and trusted slave to the master who, all unknowing, is ruled by his servants. Yet in the world of affairs she believed in man as a supreme authority. This duality in her relationship did not trouble Mrs. Merridew. It seemed to her the Almighty's benign purpose for the good of the two sexes. But to Christina, a late Victorian, there was something a little unworthy in it. She would rather have deprived man of his infallibility, and have respected



him more. The ideal of partnership had dawned upon her as a vague possibility. She wished to be less of a protector, less of a slave and more of a companion. Yet she accepted her mother's axioms, "A man must be humored," "Rule your husband but let him think he rules you," "Always ask his advice *after* you have made up your own mind."

When supper was done, Mr. Merri-dew came into the drawing-room and sat down in his easy-chair to smoke and read a magazine. Christina was on the sofa doing her crochet, while Mrs. Merri-dew occupied the easy-chair opposite to her husband's. The girl had often noticed how much this evening time meant to her parents, and how it seemed to strengthen the bond that united them. Each was uneasy without the other. No word of sentiment was exchanged between them, but the old man would have had no comfort unless his placid elderly partner had been in the chair near his. He had to hear her voice in answer to his casual remarks, he had to see the broad expanse of silk lap, the kind, calm face, the gray head against the silk cushion.

Christina pondered this, wondering if, after all, this consummation of the commonplace were the real fruit of love, its mellow autumn growth, something more to be desired than the frail, soon-shattered blossom of spring.

She felt, as a young girl feels so often, like some little piece of drift-wood tossed on a sea of speculation and doubt.

She had only this afternoon refused the chance of some such relationship as this of her parents, refused it because it was ordinary and tame, because neither passion nor romance approved it. Was she right? Ah! if some angel would only descend to tell her.

No angel descended, but Mary, the parlor-maid, looked in.

"Mum," she said meaningly, and her mistress rose and went out.

"Where's mother going?" asked Mr. Merri-dew uneasily.

"To the kitchen, I suppose, father."

The old man laid down his paper and put up his spectacles on his forehead. It was apparent that he was about to discharge his paternal duty to this unknown quantity of womanhood, his daughter. "So you refused poor Travis, eh?" he said abruptly.

Christina dropped her crochet. Her face was crimson.

"I did—yes, father."

Mr. Merri-dew got up with a grunt. Then he planted himself on the rug with his back to the fire. The hearth-rug is in many houses the spot that the paternal oracle chooses for its pronouncements.

"You made a mistake, my girl. What's the matter with the fellow?"

"I . . . I don't know, father, it's just that somehow I don't love him."

Christina loved her father, but she had never at any time laid bare her mind or her soul to him. For long she had hidden her innermost self even from her mother, but with her father she was conscious of a hopeless inability to make her feelings plain. She regarded it as the privilege of the male sex to dismiss as nonsense and moonshine all those elements in life that are dearest to their female relatives. Her brothers had done it remorselessly, and had thereby planed her spirit to an outward smoothness. Of one's dearest aspirations and dreams one did not speak in the presence of men, for theirs, so it seemed to her, was the monopoly of genial contempt.

She looked up to find her father regarding her with smiling eyes.

"He's not your fancy, eh? Well, well, I can understand that. You'd like Lancelot, riding on a swan, wouldn't you? Some fine fellow in hose and doubtlet, playing the guitar

under your window? Is that it, Chris?"

"No," said Christina desperately; "it's not that exactly."

"Something like it then? Oh! my dear, we were all young once. Your mother was young too, and to tell you the truth she was not at all too anxious to marry me. I liked her none the less. Man is a hunting animal, Christina; he values what he chases long. Oh! yes, mother cried and stormed, and she would and she wouldn't—oh! it was a dreadful time."

The old man laughed complacently. Now in the autumn of his days the storms of spring were far away.

"Trunk hose and guitars are all very well on the stage, but in real life a solid bank account is much more important. Now you know Travis is all right. A man knows a man. Take it from me he's all right. He was a good son, he'll be a good husband. His mother was a great old general, but she's gone, and we won't grudge her to the angels. You were unwise to refuse. If I were a woman I'd never refuse a good man."

"Well, it's done now," said Christina despairingly. Mr. Merridew laughed.

"Oh! he won't take a woman's 'No' as final, if he knows anything of 'em. It's your privilege to change your mind, my dear. Change it; a woman ought to marry. It's what nature made her for, and nature knows best."

"I wonder why," said Christina musingly. "Where does it all lead to? People marry and their children marry, and on and on, and whether they're happy or not they've got to do it, nature makes them, and yet the world doesn't seem to get much better or happier."

"Oh! that's modern talk," her father answered. It seemed to him that such questions were unbecoming and

pointless. This dissecting of natural behavior was altogether unprofitable.

"What our parents did before us we may safely do," he said shortly, then, moved with affection towards this daughter of his, he sat down beside her on the sofa, laying his dry wrinkled old hand on hers. "Don't worry that pretty head of yours," he said soothingly; "talk it over with mother. Mother is always right. If you follow her you'll do what is best. Year in and year out mother and I have pulled together with never a cross word or a misunderstanding. That's better than dancing fandangos with knights in armor in the moonlight," he observed, trying to sum up what he fancied was Christina's real desire.

"It's the dark days that draw you together," he continued musingly; "a true helpmeet your mother was—and is, God bless her." At this moment Mrs. Merridew returned. Her cook had given notice, but she made no mention of it. She never troubled her husband with disagreeable matters in the evening. She looked at her daughter benignly.

"Go and play to us, dear," she said.

Christina played well. She loved to pour out her doubts and fears on the piano. Chopin, as far as she could master him, was her king of musicians. All the suppressed romance of her nature found vent in the passionate unsatisfied stress of his music.

When she played she was herself. The healthy restraint of a commonplace household fell from her. The turbulence of her spirit found voice. As the notes throbbed in the silence her soul seemed to go forth on its quest, the quest of the young for happiness. Christina was still young, because she had not lost that sense of expectation, that vague belief that happiness is the right of every human creature. To be contented is to be middle-aged. The young live in the

future, the middle-aged accept the present with a cheerful resignation. To Christina desire implied some future fulfilment. She wanted she knew not what—an ideal that should be real, a happiness that should never grow jaded, and something beyond all that. Bewildered, unformed, crude was the spirit of the girl whose destiny hung in the balance.

She was glad to go to bed, to receive her parents' tender good-night kisses. She followed her mother to her bedroom door. "Mother, if he asks me again I shall say yes."

"Dearest, it would be wiser."

"I should like to be loved as father loves you."

"Yet I was not in love with him when I married him."

"He told me . . . but it is all right now. You are everything to him, mother."

Mrs. Merridew smiled.

"Yes, I am," she said thankfully; "and I pray, my dear, I pray that he may die first. If he survives me he will marry again—the most devoted husbands always do."

Christina went off to her bedroom. How happily did her mother accept what seemed to her the sordid realities of human nature.

She wondered within herself if she should ever tame her spirit to a like acceptance.

*(To be continued.)*

## DISABILITIES OF INDIANS IN THE COLONIES.

The political problem of Greater-India has two aspects; first, what I might call the negative aspect of the problem, the various disabilities under which the Indian subjects of His Majesty labor in His Majesty's Dominions over the seas. Secondly, we have the positive aspect which of course is the claim of India to her just place in the Empire and its corollary of statutory equality of Indians in all parts of the British Empire. The thing to keep in mind is that they are both two aspects of the same fundamental question, what is the status of India in the British Empire?

The various disabilities which are imposed on our brethren abroad are too well known to need detailed repetition in these pages. An enormous amount of magazine literature has been produced on this subject and they have been brought to the notice of the public, not only at home, but all over the world by the soul-stirring struggle of Gandhi in South Africa.

For the sake of clearness, I shall state them briefly here.

There are three distinct factors in this case, which to me appear to be of fundamental importance. First is the claim which is stoutly made by Indians and as stoutly refused by the dominions, that Indians as British citizens must have the right of free entry into any part of the British Empire. Secondly, we insist that there should be statutory equality between Indians and Europeans. Thirdly, Indian Law and Indian customs must regulate the affairs of Indians abroad.

The first of these claims which we hold as inherent in our British citizenship is disputed by the Dominion of Canada. We shall in some detail consider its argument, but before doing so I shall remind the readers that South Africa virtually admitted the claim in the Union Immigration Act. In the Gandhi Settlement of 1913, the Union Government agreed that there should be no reference to Asiatics as such in

the act. A self-governing colony has a right to prescribe the qualifications of persons who wish to enter its dominions, just as a Hindu has the indisputable right (which he enforces) to ask a Christian to keep outside his house. But the right to exclude Asiatic *qua* Asiatic was abandoned by the Union authorities.

There are 5,174 Hindus in Canada and the prospect of their increase led the Canadian Government to enact a law for excluding Asiatics. The law caused a good deal of resentment in India, especially among the Sikh community. In order to force a decision on the matter and to bring the whole question to the notice of the public, a well-to-do member of the community chartered a ship, the now famous *Komagata Maru*, and sailed to Vancouver. At Vancouver the Authorities refused permission to land and the question threatened to become one of immense importance, when the war broke out and postponed the decision. But in Canada itself the question was settled by this incident. Chief Justice Macdonald in his judgment on the *Komagata Maru* case asserted that Canada had sovereign rights in the matter and denied the claim of Imperial Authorities to interfere. An appeal to the Privy Council would have been very injudicious because the Chief Justice with great acuteness changed the whole question into a constitutional issue, *i.e.*, whether the Dominion Government was within its rights when it denied admission to Asiatics. Stated thus, the point is unavailable technically. The question at issue is not whether Canada has a legal right to exclude anybody, but whether British citizenship carries with it the right of free entrance to any part of the Empire. There is another question more fundamental, to wit: Has any race a moral right to consider any part of the world's surface

as its own special reserve? These are the two questions that confront any one who studies these problems.

As to the first of these we have a strong case. All British subjects have free entry into India. Our civil service contains not only Englishmen, Scotchmen and Irishmen, but even Canadians, Afrikanders, Australians, Negroes and Jews. All of them claim privileges as British citizens in India. Why should not Indians then claim the same privileges in these Colonies?

The *Vancouver News Advertiser* answers this. "This doctrine, it says, carries its own refutation. *It denies Canadian Self-Government.*" This answer of the *Advertiser* can be taken as a model of frankness. It virtually says, "you are a subject-race, we are a free people. We enter India without restrictions because our kinsmen rule you. You cannot come here because we are our own masters and we don't want you." This is the best answer that any Indian British citizen could get, for we must confess that for all our talk about the Empire, Imperial responsibility, etc., we form no part of it. Unless India is self-governing and has power to retaliate, our claim of the right of free entrance as being inherent in British citizenship will remain an empty formula.

As to the question whether any race has a right to consider any part of the world as its special preserve to be exploited by nobody else, European policy will give the best answer. Both the Chinese and the Japanese seriously put forward such a claim but the European powers did not recognize it. The United States settled the matter once for all when it sent Commodore Parry to the Japanese coast. The question is exactly similar, but Europe did not recognize Japan's right for "exclusion and independent evolution."

In an article on July 9th, 1914, the *Times* in its usual pompous manner

gave out a novel reason for the exclusion of Asiatics. "Where the European is engaged," it proudly declared "in building up new communities where he has to ask himself day by day whether the foundations are well laid and the growing fabric secure in each successive story of its structure, there he is compelled to exclude alien influences and the inevitably corrosive action of racial materials that resist assimilation."

This pompous jingoism is the special character of the *Times*. It might as well put forward a claim to the exclusive possession of the world because it wants to experiment on building up communities. Pushed to the logical conclusion of its argument, the *Times*, I have no doubt, will accept this position. However preposterous it might sound to us, we must remember that there is a considerable body of opinion in England represented at its best by Lord Cromer, at its worst by Kipling who believe that the world should be given up "to white men so that they can perform an experiment in Empire building"—I don't deny that the project has a certain grandeur in it—so had Satan's resolve to fight to the last.

Another argument which the Canadians put forward is that they exclude not only Indians but also Europeans. The *Times* in the article referred to above says that, "it is an utter misconception to think that the right of exclusion is exercised by the dominions exclusively against the Asiatic subjects of the Crown. That is not so. Canada excludes white men who are British citizens if they are not thought suitable for admission. It would be well if this simple fact were more generally realized in India." But the validity of this argument is wholly destroyed by what follows. Even the *Times* is forced to admit that the "determination of the Dominions to exclude

Asiatic subjects is directed against a race," while the exclusion of white men is particular and is applied only in individual cases of undesirability. The exclusion of Asiatic *qua* Asiatic is tantamount to a brand of inferiority. And the *Times* goes on to justify by an assertion of racial superiority.

What I have endeavored to prove from all this is that in the final analysis all the arguments against us rest on a belief in the racial superiority of the Europeans. The idea of a race war which the Europeans have so sedulously worked up is wrong in its basic assumptions. The theory of the "survival of the fittest" by which this preposterous claim is supported can never be applied to human society. If the evolution of human society is according to this doctrine, we have first of all to ask one question. The word fit has no meaning except in regard to some specific sphere of action. If Europeans put forward the claim that they are the fittest we are entitled to ask to do what? The problem of survival is essentially the problem of annihilating the competitors. I am not disposed to dispute the claim of the Europeans as the best "architects of destruction" and therefore the fittest to survive. But with regard to any other sphere of action, their claim to be the fittest will strongly be contested not only by Indians but by many other nations of the earth.

The fact is that civilization does not advance by Racial War. It is impeded by it. The progress of humanity depends upon the co-operation of races. I am a firm believer in the superiority of the Hindu mind; but I also believe that the Hindu mind wants the co-operation of the minds of other races if a better and more civilized world is to be evolved out of the present.

All the disabilities which Indians suffer in British colonies arise from



this attitude of racial superiority. A shipping company refuses to book a first-class berth for an Indian passenger; a European significantly walks out from a carriage when an Indian Barrister enters it; the Magdalen College refuses admission to Indian students; the underlying reason in all these cases is the same. The minor disabilities are all the consequence of the objection to the right of free entrance.

A more interesting problem is raised in South Africa. The South African-born Indian, it seems, has to submit to the test if he wants to re-enter the land of his birth. He is no more an Indian than General Botha, for example, is a Dutchman. Though we claim the South African Indians as our kin, it must be understood that they are born in South Africa with interests in it. Many of them have only a vague notion about India and to tell them that they will have to give up certain rights before they enter their native land is a violation of all known principles.

We do not mean to discuss here in detail the minor disabilities under which our brethren in the Colonies labor. Most of them will come under the general principles which we are now discussing.

The question of statutory equality between Indians and Europeans is another fundamental problem. General Smuts expressed to the Imperial authorities that the "white" population of South Africa will never tolerate such an equality. On what grounds he did not say. I have never been able to find out wherein our inherent inferiority lies. The brilliant author of the "Prince of Destiny" has pointed out that the European considers all races that do not specialize in the art of killing as inferior to himself. If the Japanese can fire the maxim gun and mow down columns of Russians, they are no longer inferiors. If a

nation that is in every way superior to the Jap, the Chinese, for example, does not specialize in man-killing machinery, they are at once put down as an inferior race. If this is the distinction, as it seems to be, between superior and inferior races, I for one would prefer my nation to belong to the inferior class which *thinks and lives*, to the superior races that kill or be killed. Man is endowed with life not that he may destroy it, but in order that he might live wisely, cultivating religious feeling, ever in search for the true and the good. The *Times* said with great truth that many things which they hold dearest to their heart we consider less than dust. The false gods that Europe worships are truly less than dust to us. What we hold dearest to our heart, our unpolluted family life, our inspiring social customs and our eternal religion—these Europe considers to be less than dust. European nations in their pursuit of Mammon and Mars have come to believe that all nations who do not follow them are inferior to them. The matter is really too spurious for serious consideration. I have mentioned it only because I have heard the argument put forward as the last word in the discussion.

The third general consideration in the question is the matter of Indian law and customs. I shall have to point out, first of all, that in most of the colonies full recognition is not given to Hindu laws. In Mauritius, for example, the succession is determined by French law. The marriage question has attained a notoriety, but I might be allowed to say that not only in South Africa, but in most of the Colonies these disabilities exist. I shall have to postpone the consideration of this subject as belonging to the social aspect of the problems of Greater India. But the general aspects of the question can better be treated

in conjunction with the other two problems which I have already discussed.

I shall therefore in this chapter strictly confine myself to such considerations, leaving the social matters to be treated later. Both the Hindus and the Mohammedans have prided themselves on the social systems they had evolved. The Hindu society has withstood all foreign influences and is still a compact whole defying all the attacks on it. We justly pride ourselves on the fact that our society and our law are not fabrics erected as temporary make-shifts changing with every wind but eternal institutions which, while permanent in their basis, grow on with the onward march of humanity. Hindu religion, as Dr. Coomaraswamy has well pointed out, is the religion of Eternity while the religion of Europe is the religion of time. Wherever they go the Hindus carry with them their social ideals and on this depends the greatness of Indian emigration. It is not like the planting of the Negro on the American soil. He had nothing to carry with him; no independent social ideas, no new view of life, no new reading of life's mysteries. But the emigration of the Hindu is not so. Even the poorest and the meanest of them have definite conceptions and ideals as regards life, religion and society. They plant the Hindu community wherever they go and they live according to the Hindu ethical standard. To

*The Hindustan Review.*

judge by Christian morals and order their succession according to Christian is as foolish as judging Englishmen by the customs and standards of Zulus (for instance).

To deny them the rights (as between themselves) they possess as Hindus, is not only unjust but inhuman. The Hindu may consider it a breach of religious practice and social custom not to marry his daughter before thirteen. Whatever the merits of the case, a non-Hindu government has no right to legislate insisting that among all its subjects (Hindus as well) marriage should take place only after the bride is sixteen. It is a case for which an edict ought to come from Benares and not from London. The Hindu community strongly repudiates all outside claims to judge its right and wrong. Wherever the Hindu community it is by hypothesis self-governing in social and religious matters. No outside authority can dictate to it. And the attempts of South African and other governments to force their marriage laws on our brethren in their midst should therefore not only be resented but should never be tolerated.

Thus we see that in the final analysis the disabilities of our brethren in the colonies will turn upon the fact that we belong to a different race with different social ideals and organization. Religious tolerance is supposed to exist in all civilized communities but why not social tolerance also?

*K. M. Panikkar.*

## DICKENS AND JAMES T. FIELDS.

While Dickens's desire to meet Washington Irving in the flesh, as he had already done in the spirit, was a very large factor in persuading him to make his first visit to America in 1842, it is equally true that the per-

suasive powers of another American, Mr. James T. Fields, of Boston, very largely influenced him in deciding upon his second visit in 1867-68.

Mr. Fields, while visiting Europe in the summer of 1859, almost persuaded

Dickens to make the trip in that year. He wrote to Forster on July 9th of that year, saying:—"Mr. Fields has been down here for a day and, with the strongest intensity, urges that there is no drawback, no commercial excitement or crisis, no political agitation; and that so favorable an opportunity in all respects might not occur again for years and years. I should be one of the most unhappy men if I were to go, and yet I cannot help being much stirred and influenced by the golden prospect held before me." Forster says he yielded to other persuasion, probably by Forster himself, and the idea of the trip was given up for the time being.

The relations, both social and business, between Dickens and Fields were of a closer and more intimate character than existed between him and other American friends. This, perhaps, was not only because they were more congenial in their habits and tastes, but because they were more often together, Fields having twice been Dickens's guest in England, the first time in the summer of 1859 and the second time in the summer of 1869. They were together almost daily while Dickens was in Boston and New York during his second visit to America. As showing their very intimate relations, Forster wrote—"I depart from my rule, in this narrative, otherwise strictly observed, in singling out one of these friends for mention by name; but a business connection with the Readings, as well as untiring offices of personal kindness and sympathy, threw Mr. Fields into closer relations with Dickens from arrival to departure, than any other person had."

Fields was a young man of twenty-six at the time of Dickens's first visit to Boston in 1842, and he tells in his "Yesterdays with Authors" how he was at the Tremont House when Dickens arrived, and how he first

saw "the handsome, glowing face of the young man who was even then famous over half the globe. . . . None of us then, of course, had the honor of an acquaintance with this delightful stranger, and I little thought that I should afterwards come to know him in the beaten way of friendship and live with him day after day in years far distant; that I should ever be so near to him that he would reveal to me his joys and sorrows, and thus that I should learn the story of his life from his own lips."

Mr. Fields was at the dinner given in Dickens's honor by the "Young Men of Boston" and sat at the table just in front of the honored guest. He says he saw Dickens take a pinch of snuff out of Washington Allston's box and heard him joke with old President Quincy.

Mr. Fields visited England in 1852, but he probably did not make Dickens's acquaintance at that time as he made no mention in his book of any meeting with him. He did, however, see him as a performer in Amateur Theatricals, and writes regarding the perfection of his acting—"I have seen him play Sir Charles Coldstream in the Comedy *Used Up*, with such perfection that all other performers in the same part have seemed dull by comparison. Even Mathews, superb artist that he was, could not rival Dickens in the character of Sir Charles. Once I saw Dickens, Mark Lemon and Wilkie Collins on the stage together, the play was *Mr. Nightingale's Diary*, and Dickens played six characters in the piece. Never have I seen such wonderful changes of face and form as he gave us that night. He was alternately a rattling lawyer of the Middle Temple, a boots, an eccentric pedestrian and cold water drinker, a deaf sexton and an old woman. What fun it was, to be sure, and how we roared over the performance."

While Mr. Fields makes no mention of any correspondence with Dickens until 1858, there is no doubt but that during that time he was familiar with all his writings.

On the 29th of April, 1858, Dickens began giving readings from his works on his own account. These were so successful and their fame extending to the United States, Mr. Fields believed they would be equally successful in America, and took up the subject with Dickens. Mr. Fields says in his book—"As long ago as the spring of 1858, I began to press him very hard to come to America and give us a course of readings from his works. At that time I had never heard him read in public, but the fame of his wonderful performances rendered me eager to have my own country share in the enjoyment of them." This proposal was the beginning of the pleasant personal relations between the two, which ended only with Dickens's death twelve years later.

Mr. Fields's first meeting with Dickens occurred in London during the summer of 1859, when visiting England with Mrs. Fields. While dining at Tavistock House, he discussed with Dickens the project of an American trip and urged him to decide on a visit during that year. Dickens later wrote Mr. Fields from Gad's Hill—"I cannot tell you how very much obliged to you I feel for your kind suggestions. . . . I would never make it unless I had great general reason to believe that the American people really wanted me." It is hardly necessary to say that eight years later he found out that the American people did really want him. That he was very seriously considering a trip at this time is shown by a letter to Forster dated the 9th of July, 1859, in which he wrote—"I am now getting the *Tale of Two Cities* into that state that if I should decide to go to America

late in September, I could turn to at any time and write with great vigor." Early in the month Fields spent a day at Gad's Hill, when he talked to Dickens about visiting America, putting as he says "as many spokes as possible into this favorite wheel of mine." After Mr. Fields returned to London from Gad's Hill visit, he received several letters from Dickens regarding the proposed visit to America, and in one dated August 6th, 1859, he wrote—"I have considered the subject in every way, and have consulted with the few friends to whom I ever refer my doubts, and whose judgment in the main is excellent, I have (this is between ourselves) come to the conclusion that *I will not go now*. A year hence I may revive the matter, and your presence in America will then be of great assistance to me."

While Mr. Fields was in Rome early in 1860, he received a letter from Dickens saying that the project of coming to America was constantly before him, and that he should have a great deal to say when he came back to England in the spring. While the plan fell through at that time Fields did not give up all hope, and after he returned home he did not cease, year after year, to refer to the subject in every letter to Dickens, except that during the war, they both gave up the idea of reading in America.

The war was over in 1865, and after that, every time Mr. Fields wrote Dickens, he stirred up the subject of giving his readings in America, and on May 2d, 1866, Dickens wrote him a letter which would have discouraged anyone but Mr. Fields, for he said—"I really do not know that any sum of money that could be laid down would induce me to cross the Atlantic to read. . . .

"If any distinct proposal be submitted to me, I will give it a distinct answer. But the chances are a round

thousand to one that the answer will be 'No,' and I feel bound to make the declaration beforehand."

Early in 1867, Dickens began a series of fifty readings in England, Scotland and Ireland, which were finished on May 20th. Notwithstanding the comparatively large receipts from these readings, he was in need of money. Forster wrote—"The temptation of offers from America had meanwhile again been presented to him so strongly, and in such unlucky connection with immediate family claims, threatening excess of expenditure even beyond the income he was making, that he was fain to write to his sister-in-law—"I begin to feel myself drawn towards America as Darnay in the *Tale of Two Cities* was attracted to Paris. It is my "Loadstone Rock."'" He did not, however, intend to make the trip without being assured as to the financial result, and he wrote to Forster on the day he finished his readings (May 20th)—"I have no fear that anything will induce me to make the experiment, if I do not see the most favorable reasons for believing that what I would get by it, added to what I have got, would leave me with a sufficient fortune." A few days later he wrote to Forster—"I am in tempest-tossed condition, and can hardly believe that I stand at bay at last on the American question . . . but the prize looks so large."

By the first of June he had so far made up his mind to make the trip that he wrote to Fields saying—"I am trying hard so to free myself as to be able to come over to read this next winter. . . . In the course of a few mails, I hope to be able to give you positive and definite information on the subject." The idea of going to America had by this time made such an impression on his mind that in August he sent his manager, Dolby, over to visit Boston, New York,

Philadelphia, Washington, etc., to investigate what the probable results of the trip might be. The report was favorable, and on November 9th he sailed for America, and on the 18th Mr. Fields had the great satisfaction of having his efforts of over eight years crowned with success, when he stepped on board the *Cuba* in Boston Harbor to welcome his friend on his second landing in America. Early in the year Dickens had made the firm of Ticknor and Fields his authorized representatives in America for the entire series of his books, and on October 10th he made them the authorized publishers of his readings. These readings were printed in little 16mo pamphlets, and during his travels in the United States many thousands were sold at the readings.

While Dickens was in Boston and New York, he and Fields were together almost daily, as the following extracts from Mrs. Fields's diary will show:—

*November 27th.*—They had fallen into a daily habit of walking together, and J. comes home filled with C. D.'s inexhaustible and most interesting talk.

*November 29th.*—They dined alone together today and sat four hours amusing each other with endless characteristic representation.

*Monday night.*—Charles Dickens's first reading . . . in the anteroom afterward he and his friend (Fields) embraced and laughed and then embraced again in the very excitement of the occasion.

*Monday, December 9th.*—First reading in New York . . . Dickens sent to request us to come to his room.

*Wednesday.*—At four o'clock Dickens came to dine, later we went to the theatre and afterward back to the hotel where we sat talking until one o'clock. Every moment was full of vivid interest.

*Boston, Christmas Eve.*—Dickens came to dine, and talked all the time as he will do when the moment comes



that he sees it is expected. He is, by no means a man who loves to talk.

*Boston, Monday.*—Dickens came to dinner. We sat four hours. . . . The two friends (Fields and Dickens) walked about seven miles at noon which is their average. . . .

*March 6th.*—Dickens dined with us—he made all manner of fun of his friend for trying to “show him” some new fruit houses, etc.

*March 31st.*—Dined with Dickens at the Parker House. . . .

*Wednesday, April 15th.*—Monday night was Charles Dickens's first reading of his last course. . . . We returned directly to the hotel, in a moment we heard a tap at our room door. It was C. D., who begged us to come for a bit of a supper with him, etc.

On Saturday, the 18th, the dinner given to Dickens by the Press of the United States took place, at which Fields was present.

Quoting again from Mrs. Fields's diary we find the following:—

*Tuesday, April 21st.*—Last night came the final reading. . . . After all was over, when Mr. Fields went to speak to him, he shut in his hand as he took it, a velvet box containing his favorite studs, then worn by him for the last time.

*Wednesday, April 22d.*—My husband went to the steamer with Dickens to say farewell.

As Fields was the first to grasp Dickens's hand on his arrival in Boston harbor, before he landed from the *Cuba* the previous November, so he was the last to bid him farewell on the *Russia* as she steamed down the harbor from New York on April 22d, and the *New York Tribune* of the next day thus describes the parting of the two friends:—

All left save Mr. Fields. “Boz” held the hand of the publisher within his own. There was an unmistakable look in both faces. They came down from

the rail, and the friends were locked in each other's arms. Mr. Fields then hastened down the side, not daring to look behind. The lines were cast off—

“Good-bye, Boz.”

“Good-bye for Mr. Fields.” . . . Then “Boz” put his hat on his cane and waved it, and then came “Good-bye” and “God bless you, everyone.”

Dickens returned home with his expectations of a large prize realized, as Dolby says that he took back with him \$19,000 after paying all the expenses of the trip.

Referring to the wonderful effect of Dickens's reading of the murder scene in *Oliver Twist*, Mr. Fields wrote:—

Old theatrical *habitués* have told me that, since the days of Edmund Kean and Cooper, no mimetic representation had been superior to it. I became so interested in all I heard about it, that I resolved early in the year 1869 to step across the water (it is only a stride of three thousand miles) and see it done.

He told Dickens of his intention to make the voyage, and received a long letter in reply dated February 15th, beginning—

Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah! It is a remarkable instance of magnetic sympathy that before I received your welcome announcement of your probable visit to England I was waiting for the enclosed card to be printed, that I might send you a clear statement of my readings. I felt almost convinced that you would arrive before my readings were over. What do you say to that?

A few weeks later, April 29th, Dickens again wrote another long letter to Fields, in which he said—

The faithful *Russia* will bring this to you, as a sort of a warrant to take you into loving custody and bring you back on her return trip.

On May 5th, he wrote a letter which he hoped would be put in Mr. Fields's

hands on board the steamer at Queens-town, inviting Mr. and Mrs. Fields to visit "Gad's Hill, Rochester Castle, Cobham Park, Red Jackets and Canterbury."

They met in London a few days later, and Mr. Fields wrote—"I found him in capital spirits with such a protracted list of things we were to do together, that had I followed out the prescribed program, it would have taken many months more of absence from home than I had proposed for myself." That Dickens was delighted to meet his old friends again is shown by this entry from Mrs. Fields's Diary—

*London, Tuesday, May 11th, 1869.*—Dickens has been to see us four times today, besides a long walk with Mr. Fields along the new Thames embankment.

Dickens had moved up to London for the special purpose of showing Mr. and Mrs. Fields about the city, and had taken rooms close to their hotel. They had many delightful walks together, visiting the General Post Office, Fumival's Inn and the room in which *Pickwick* was written. One night was spent in visiting the lock-up, watch-houses and opium-dens, under guidance of a detective.

On June 2d, they went to Gad's Hill, and Mr. Fields in his "Yesterdays with Authors" has most entertainingly described the visit, and the tramps with Dickens to "Chatham, Rochester, Cobham Park, Maidstone, anywhere—out under the sky and into the free air."

In July and August Mr. and Mrs. Fields were on the continent, but were back in England in October, when Mr. Fields was again at Gad's Hill, where he had the pleasure of hearing Dickens read the first chapters of *Edwin Drood*.

Mr. Fields and his wife were back in their Boston home early in November, and, in her diary Mrs. Fields

wrote—"We light the first fire on our library hearth and somehow feel a little solemnity about it, as if it were for a high festival."

The two friends continued their correspondence after the Fields's return home, and the last letter from Dickens was written from 5 Hyde Park Place, London, and dated April 18th, 1870. The letter, which is short, is as follows:—

I have been hard at work all day until post time and have only leisure to acknowledge the receipt, the day before yesterday, of your note containing such good news of Fechter; and to assure you of my undiminished regard and affection. We have been doing wonders with No. 1 of *Edwin Drood*. It has very, very far outstripped everyone of its predecessors.

As is well known, Dickens's death occurred less than two months after this letter was written, and in the August number of the *Atlantic Monthly* of which Mr. Fields was the editor, he wrote a very appreciative article entitled "Some Memories of Charles Dickens," in which he paid the following tribute to his friend:—

It was his mission to make people happy. Words of good cheer were native to his lips, and he was always doing what he could to lighten the lot of all who came into his beautiful presence. His talk was simple, natural and direct, never dropping into circumvention or elocution. Now that he is gone, whoever has known him intimately for any considerable period of time, will linger over his tender regard for and his engaging manner with children; his cheery "Good-Day" to poor people he happened to be passing on the road; his trustful and earnest "Please God," when he was promising himself any special pleasure like regaining an old friend or in returning again to scenes he loved. At such times, his voice had an irresistible pathos in it, and his smile diffused a sensation like music.

Mr. Fields's death occurred April 24th, 1881, and Mrs. Fields says that Forster's *Life of Dickens* was the last book he read, and that he said *The Dickensian*.

to her as he laid it down—"It does not require any effort, and I love to recall him." Mrs. Fields died in Boston in the early part of 1915.

*W. Glyde Wilkins.*

## THE ROMANCE OF THE BARBER.

"We're much too early, John. I said we should be. There's not a sign of a bass." I lifted the sail and peered across the shining water.

"Naught's lost by bein' in time, sir," said the old boatman. "They'll sport with the flood. And there be another boat over there. Mr. Harris and his little boy."

"He never misses these early tides," I said. "I suppose they just suit him. He can have his sport before he has to open his shop. He's pretty venturesome to come out here by himself. But I suppose he knows the Bar as well as you sailor-men?"

"He didn't at one time, sir. He'd as soon have set himself down on a hot stove as come out here." And old John's deep-set blue eyes twinkled. "What changed him? Well, it all had to do with his courtship, and getting of his wife. There's a bit o' ebb to run, and whilst I fixes they minnows I'll tell 'ee about it. Just let me get at that locker fust. Thank 'ee, sir. That's it.

"Well, except that the good Lord had ordained his place in the world, and so he were bound to fill it, I dunno but what the most curious thing weren't Mr. Harris coming to Appledore village at all, and living among us rough fisher-folk, for to all appearance he were as much out o' place as a limpet in a garden rockery. And you'll agree, sir, when you hears 'ow I fust became acquainted with him.

"'Twas some while ago now, sir, and I'd a-been away from home, out foreign down along the coast o' Cuba,

and 'twas a wretched night when I sets foot once more on Appledore quay. Dark, and wet, and blowy. No one weren't about, and the shops were all shut, and the street lamps had blowed out. The light from the barber's shop at the far corner were the only cheerful thing in sight. When I gets to it, what should I see but a little, youngish, clean-faced, bald-headed man in his shirt-sleeves, and with a white apron on, and big gold spectacles, crouching against the wall, trying to shelter hisself from the wind and wet. He looks up in a queer, blinky way, and I stops.

"Why," I says, "What's this? Where's old Puggy?"

"'Mr. Pugstiles is dead,' pipes the little man, 'and I've bought his business. And some young men have thrown me out o' the shop,' and he coughs behind his 'and very genteel.

"I opens the door. There was a dozen half-growed young chaps sprawling about the shop and roaring with laughing, and playing the fool. I never had no use for they scamps what hangs about the ferry and won't go to sea, and I was going to put 'em out when the little man stops me.

"'No, thank you,' he says very polite, 'I would rather manage this alone.'

"So, as he wouldn't let me help 'im, I goes off home. And that, sir, were the fust time as ever I see Mr. Harris. I've known him a long time now, but I've never forgot my fust sight o' him, crouching under the window, with the rain and wind beating down upon him.

"He were small and weak, and his chest were bad. That was why he come away from London. His voice were peepy like a chicken calling the old hen. He didn't drink, and he didn't smoke, and he didn't swear, and to say truth there was so many things against him, no one could say which was the wust. He were the fair butt o' the place; even the women and girls derided him.

"I was always a wanderer, and soon I goes off again, to Antwerp, and then away to Java. I were three good years older when next I landed on Appledore quay. 'Twas much such a night as t'other, cold and wet and blowy. But the light from the barber's shop was shining out on the wet stones, and Mr. Harris, who I do believe I hadn't thought on since I went away, comes into my mind again, all of a sudden.

" 'He'm gone. The place looks quiet enough now,' says I to myself. Then I shoves open the door.

" 'Tis a long, narrow room, with benches at the side. They benches were full o' men sitting quiet waiting their turn. At the far end I see Mr. Harris shaving away like a good 'un, his bald head and his gold spees shining in the lamplight. I were so astonished. I stood still without speaking. Then he says in the peepy little voice I remembered so well,

" 'I wil ask one of you gentlemen kindly to shut that door, and keep it shut.'

"And I'm blest if the most cantankerous chap in the place didn't get up quite quiet, and shut it without a word. And then I went home.

"Well, sir, I found Mr. Harris had got to be boss of the village. 'Twas the wonderfulest thing! He was the same little weak man I had fust seen, a surprised-looking creature with his big gold glasses, and his pale face, and his mouth half open, but lor bless you! the whole place bowed down to

him. He were Secretary to the Regatta, and Churchwarden, and sang in the choir, and sometimes read the lessons, and when the Vicar put in they peal of bells, with the thing by which you can play tunes on 'em, it was Mr. Harris who played on 'em all his spare time, till some folks who lived near the church, and didn't care for music, wished they bells further.

"I saw what he was for myself a few days after I got home. Me and Tom Jenkyns was passing his shop one fine morning, and Mr. Harris, in his white apron and gold spees, was on the quay peering about in the sun. Tom ain't a beauty when he's sober, which he weren't then by no means, so I gets in between 'em. Mr. Harris looks up in his gentle way through his glasses.

" 'Dear me, Mr. Jenkyns,' he says, 'I am sorry to see you with such a dirty chin! It wouldn't do for you to meet a young lady with that chin! Oh, no. You'd better come inside,' and he 'as Tom in the shop and in the chair, and shaves him, and has 'im outside again, before Tom could think where to tell him to go to. Now that was a wonderful thing. Don't 'ee think so, sir?"

"Indeed I do," I said, for I knew Mr. Jenkyns pretty well. "How on earth did he manage him? How did he work it?"

"You may well ask that, sir. But 'tis more easy asked than told. How did he do such things? None can say. He never lost his temper; he never raised his voice, he never laughed—not out loud. And he looked at you in that queer, wondering way. And then his manners, and his politeness! And he never give in to nobody.

"Time went on, and he prospered. He was clever at his job, having the London trieks, and he went about attending on gentlemen's houses. His 'ealth come back, and he got smarter

and young looking, and he wore a white collar and a white shirt every day, even under his apron. How 'e could abear they collars I can't think. When my wife puts one on me I feels like a bird in a cage. But there, I s'pose it is all use. His white linen used to shine, and his eyes shine through his glasses. And he painted his 'ouse white, and put boxes of flowers in the windows. He rigged up a big red and white barber's pole, and on Sundays he 'oisted the Jack on it. He did well, and we was proud of him.

"And then, well then, just as everything was going so well, what do you think happened, sir?"

"Perhaps I can guess," I said. "The ladies. They took a hand?"

"They did, sir. They did. They'd looked on Mr. Harris all along with scorn, and troubled noth'en about him. Then all of a sudden it come to 'em how blind they'd been. And that here were a nice young man, for he were only a little over thirty, with collars and shirts and a business, and beautiful manners, and a white house with flowers in boxes, and all agoing begging. From that moment he hadn't a single hour's peace. They was all at him, though the old 'uns was the wust. They sent him things to eat, and tried to get him to convoy 'em back from church. Old Widow Paul were took ill on his doorstep and had to be carried into the shop. Miss Belcher, she as married pore old Tom Cole after he 'ad broke his leg, attacked him on his business side, and sent him a parcel of combings to be made up. Me and a lot o' chaps was there when they come, and all I can say is, if they was all out of her 'ead, she must have 'ad a scalp like a tortoise-shell cat.

"But it was all o' no use. Mr. Harris didn't like any o' them, maid or widow, and he kept away from 'em. He was well guarded too; always

there were someone in his shop. And the old woman who kep' house for him, her 'usband being in an 'ome for uncurables, helped to keep 'em off.

"Well, sir, things jogged along quite comfortable like till a queer thing happened. Me and Jenkyns was in his shop one brisk morning, when Tom, who 'ad a drop o' beer in him as usual, winks at me and says:

"'You did ought to see my sister-in-law, Mr. Harris,' says he; 'she'd be the very young lady for you!'

"Mr. Harris was stropping a razor. He looks round in his queer blinky way, but instead o' putting Tom down he says:

"'And what might she be like, Mr. Jenkyns?'

"'She'm the fust girl in these parts. She lives with her mother to Lundy Island. She can cook, and she'm house-wise; what's more she'm a heaven-born laundress, and she'm big and dark with red cheeks and blue eyes, and her name is Mirandy,' says Tom all in a breath.

"Mr. Harris listens with his 'ead on one side, and a funny look comes over his face and his eyes sparkles. Tom forgets hisself and spits on the floor, but instead o' requesting him to leave the shop Mr. Harris only says,

"'And does the young lady ever come over here, Mr. Jenkyns?'

"'She does not,' says Tom; 'she bides to home and 'elps her mother. Capt. Dark, who goes to Lundy every week with the mails, have many a time offered her a free pass on his lugger, but she wouldn't accept.'

"'But—but her affections?' says Mr. Harris presently very gently; 'perhaps they are engaged? Such a young lady!'

"'She ain't got no chap, if that's what you mean,' says Tom; 'there ain't none to Lundy. Last time I come away I thought 'twere a pity there weren't no young feller to arm



'er up the rocks. She were as pretty as a picture, with the waves breaking all about her feet.'

"'Sea King's daughter,' says Mr. Harris to hisself. But I heered 'im.

"'She knows about you,' Tom goes on. 'I tells her in general conversation what a deal people think o' you. "He must be a leader o' men," says she. But there is a phottygraf o' her to home. I'll fetch 'un,' and with that he goes out and Mr. Harris has me in the chair, and shaves me. His 'and were shaking so I were glad to escape without bloodshed. Then Tom comes back, and hands over the photty. Mr. Harris looks at it, and drops the razor. He gets pinker and pinker, and smiles and laughs and sets it on a little shelf and gazes upon it. As he doesn't speak we goes out quietly. Then I remembers I hasn't paid for my shave. So I goes back just in time to hear 'im say:

"'An arrow—an arrow from the blind god's bow at last!'

"I says nothing, but puts down my penny and comes away on tiptoe.

"Well, sir, that puzzles me. And I asks my darter the schoolmistress what he meant. All I can say is, sir, if that little god as she telled me of did shoot one o' his arrows at Mr. Harris, he must ha' got him right in the wes'cot. For from that moment he were a changed man.

"He were properly in love and no mistake! He worn't a bit ashamed o' it. He went about smiling and blushing, and very proud. The news soon got abroad, and the girls, some jeered, some laughed. Things moved along quickly. Letters passes between 'em. He 'ad his picture took, smiling, in a long black coat and a flower in his buttonhole and a book in his 'and. He sends over bottles o' scent and sweet soaps and such truck from his shop. Then, one beautiful morning in the beginning o' October, he dresses

hisself very smart, with a white wes'cot and shiny boots and new straw hat, and embarks on Dark's lugger to go to Lundy to call on his young lady.

"Now, living as he did on the quay, no one 'adn't partic'ly noticed that Mr. Harris never went on the watter. Still Dark were surprised when he tells him he 'ad never yet crossed Apple-dore Bar. There was no wind, and Dark drops down with the ebb to the Bar, just about where we be now, and then all of a sudden Mr. Harris begins to be seasick. Dark carries many passengers, and 'tis a queer bit o' watter 'twixt here and Lundy, but he says he never see anyone so bad as Mr. Harris was that day. It fair tore the inside out o' him. He gets in such a state that Dark, seeing the job would be a long 'un for want o' wind, puts him in his dinghy and lands him on the golf-links. Mr. Harris crawls into one o' they bunker things and there he lay, and I did 'ear that the gentlemen played their golf right on top o' him afore he could move. In the evening he creeps back home and goes to bed."

"Poor Mr. Harris!" I broke in, "that was rough luck. How did he take it?"

"Well, he didn't give in, sir. Twice more he tried, but he never even got to the Bar. The second time they had to call the doctor to him. The doctor says his heart were weak, and it were very onwise to put such a strain on it, and he mustn't try them tricks again. Then the doctor puts a mustard plaster to him, and goes away.

"After that no one would take him. Steamers from 'Combe had stopped running or 'e might ha' gone by them. He felt hisself beäten, and his pride were broken. 'Twas a melancholly affair altogether. He thought he 'ad made a fool o' hisself, though how a man can be stronger than his stomach I can't see.

"And the wust o' all was to come. Mirandy thought she were a laughing-stock, and wouldn't help. She wouldn't come to him. If he wanted her, 'e must fetch her. She wouldn't leave Lundy by herself for any man, so she said. And everyone were laughing, and talking, and taking sides.

"He goes about neat and particular as usual, but the life and sparkle had gone out o' him. He were looked up to, and had 'is business and his nice house, but he didn't want 'em. He wanted Mirandy by his fireside, and her 'and in his.

"Late one evening I was on Look-out Hill, when I hears a footstep and sees Mr. Harris. He stands staring out to sea, and presently up pops Lundy Light and twinkles and goes out, and pops up and twinkles and goes out again.

"'When I sees that light,' says Mr. Harris at last, 'I thinks she is beckoning me'; and from the sound o' his voice I guessed he were near crying.

"'It is not the fust time a queasy stomach have kept loving hearts apart,' says I, wishing to comfort him.

"'Love against stomach,' he says very bitter, and walks away without saying good-night.

"The fine weather held well into October that year, sir; then one night there come the wust blow known in these parts. It blew hurricane hard from the nor'west on a big spring flood. The watter come right up the streets and flooded the houses. The whole place were in an uproar. And to make things wuss, about midnight, when the storm were at its height, the lifeboat rocket was fired. A big ship were ashore on Lundy."

"I heard of that gale," I said; "a barge was put over the sea-wall at Instow."

"That's right, sir. Well, you knows the rule about the lifeboat, fust come fust served. They that gets there

fust goes. I grabs my oilies and runs. Me and Tom Jenkyns get there amongst the fust. Old Batten, the cox'un, gives us our cork jackets. 'Twas pitchy dark. There was no lights but the hurricane lamps and rope flares, and they kept blowing out. You couldn't hear yourself speak for the wind and watter. What was done were done dumb show, and the boys and people all yelling and shouting.

"We mans the boat. She was on her cradle and Batten were just giving the word to let go, when who should come shoving and pushing through the crowd but Mr. Harris. Tom and me was in the bows, and he spies us and clasps his 'ands.

"'Take me, take me,' he cries, and stretches up to us.

"Someone gives him a hoist up, and I grabs him, and pulls him in. I don't think Cap'n Batten see'd him till it were too late, what with the wind and watter and blowing about of the lights, and general confusion. And at that very moment the boat goes down the ways like a rocket, and if Mr. Harris 'ad been half a minute later she'd ha' been over him. And that would have been the end o' his troubles for good and all.

"He crawls under our seat and lays down. He had got on a little thin overcoat over his other clothes, but nothing to be no good. I throws down a spare jersey, and Tom a oilskin. Then I tosses him a bottle o' tea and brandy as my missis always gives me.

"'You've done it this time!' I yells. 'You must fend for yourself now. I can't help you.'

"We drops down the river, for the tide was ebbing strong. And then I realizes what the weight o' wind was. I've see'd some queer seas in my time, but never a wuss bit o' watter than the Bar here was that night, smooth as oil though it be now. The great wind met the great tide, and raised a hurri-

cane sea; the boat herself couldn't ha' faced it if the wind hadn't just then hauled a couple o' points, and let us get a bit o' sail on her. Even then I didn't know half the time whether I were right side or wrong side up. Cold, wet, and rough work it were. But at last we gets over and away and shapes a course for Lundy.

"Before long the wind takes off a bit, and the sea begins to moderate. 'Twas a queer blow altogether. Not a drop o' rain to it, and all the wind'ard side o' the hedges were crisp and black as if fire had burned 'em. Then the sky cleared and the day broke. There were the bark ashore on the Hen and Chickens Rocks, north end o' the island. Two boats was standing by her, the Braunton and 'Coombe boats; so we rows along to the landing-place, which were sheltered, and brings up. And then me and Tom bends down and fishes up Mr. Harris.

"You recollect, sir, he 'ad been rolling about in the watter in the bottom of the boat the better part o' the night. I never see such a melancholly sight! He 'ad no hat, one shoe were gone, his shirt and wes'cot were half tored off. And the queasiness—! But never mind that! His gold glasses were smashed, and he 'ad a great bleeding cut over one eye from the bottle o' tea and brandy, which had broke. I judged him pretty near gone; he were cold as a stone, and half drowned.

"We turns to, and gives him a rub, and shoves a warm jersey on him, and Cap'n Batten, without making no remark, shoves down a bottle to us, o' brandy. That pulls him round a bit. He looks about him and points to the island. We nods, and he slips down again.

"Just then a boat puts off, and when she gets alongside I see Mirandy was in her. She looks as pretty as a picture, with her red cap and red cheeks, and blue eyes ail of a sparkle. One o' our

chaps clears his throat and coughs, and then another till all the boat were doing it. And even Cap'n Batten, though he were high up in the Wesleyans, and 'ad ninety-eight grandchildren, winks at her.

"Then she says, looking up very demure, and trying not to laugh:

"'If you please, Cap'n Batten, is my brother-in-law Tom Jenkyns in the boat? And if he is may he come ashore? Mother wants to see him.'

"'He be aboard, my dear,' says Cap'n Batten, 'but I can't let no one leave the boat. We been out all night, and we'm for home now. But you can give 'un a message. He'm down there forrard.'

"The boat comes down and she gives the message, and then Tom says,

"'We got something nice for you, Miry.'

"'For me?' says Mirandy, shaking her curls. 'What can that be?'

"'We've brought your young man. He'm come to fetch you after all,' says Tom.

"We pokes up Mr. Harris from the bottom of the boat, and then, sir, they two has their fust look at one another."

"By Jove, John!" I said, "that must have been a moment! What happened?"

"I never see'd anybody's face, man or woman, change like Miry's did, sir. What she had expected him to be like I don't know; but not what he was like then, I be sure. And fust one o' us laughs, and then another, till the boat's crew were busting their sides. Mr. Harris draws hisself together, and looks at us in that blinky, half-puzzled way, and fust one chap looks shamed and stops, and then another, till there was silence. Then he looks down again at Mirandy, and she laughs and gets red, and a funny look, pitiful like, comes into her face, and she gets scarlet red, and stretches out her arms. We lifts him down, and she helps 'im

into her boat, and she wipes the blood from his face, and he puts his arm round her, for I reckon he'd 'ad about enough o' it. Then the boy rows them ashore, and we watches her 'elping him up the rocks, till we loses sight o' them. And then, sir, we sets sail for home.

"And that be the way, sir, that Mr. Harris come to Lundy Island for his wife. And I reckon he deserved her! Don't you think so, sir?"

"He did," I said warmly, "if ever a man did. Many a man has dared a lot for the sake of a girl, but I think Mr. Harris has earned a place among the bravest of them. He might well have died that night, and he must have known the lifeboat wouldn't put back for him."

"Yes, sir. He did, o' course. It were kill or cure, and he knowed it. I reckon he felt 'twere the only way to get there, so there it was! But 'twas all right. He stayed to Lundy, and Parson Heaven, who owned the island then, married them. And that's the way Mr. Harris got his bride, sir."

"But hold on," I said; "that's not all the yarn. How did he get back again?"

"I'll tell you how he brought her 'ome, sir, if you pleases. The tide and the yarn will about finish together.

"Well, the fame o' Mr. Harris soon spread abroad, and all were anxious to welcome him 'ome. The women forgave him, and spoke well o' him, and were pleased he 'ad got Miry for his wife at last. The day Dark went over, chartered special, to fetch the happy pair home, Appledore were fair a-buzz. Dark, he puts a new suit o' sails on the lugger, and when he gets to Lundy and ships Mr. and Mrs. Harris he rigs up every bit o' bunting he can lay hands on. And home he comes booming with a nice soft breeze. Seventeen o' our ketches and two small barks was on the Bar that evening,

waiting for the tide, and when they see the lugger coming, all dressed and glorious, they cheers, and gives her the road, and falls in behind. Then the lugger reaches the sand-barges, and they cheers and falls in behind too. And further up the river she finds the town band on a barge, and the little rowing and sailing boats all come out to shout and welcome the bride and bridegroom home.

"So up they comes. Up the river with a swingeing flood tide, and a fair breeze and a bright sky, and all shining and sparkling. The old walls and slips and yards was crowded, and everyone cheered and waved. The Vicar he started the bells, and hoists the flag on the church tower. 'Twas a grand and wonderful sight.

"Fust comes the lugger, with Dark and his mate keeping well out o' sight, and Mr. and Mrs. Harris standing well forrard so that all might see. And as they come Mr. Harris takes off his tall hat and bows and waves, this way and that way, while his bald head and new glasses shines in the sun. And Mrs. Harris, who 'ad got her wedding clothes sent over from 'Coombe, furls her white parasol, and bows that way and this way, very dignified, from the hips like. Then comes the band a-banging away, and then the little row-boats and sailing boats, and then the barges and ketches and trawlers, and two barks, and all shouting and cheering. And what was best o' all sir," said old John, tapping my knee in his earnestness, "there were no nasty steamers with their smeech and noise. 'Twas all good sails, sweet and pleasant.

"Well, Dark brings to, and drops anchor off the quay. Cap'n Batten goes off with his gig, me bein' one o' the crew. We brings Mr. and Mrs. Harris ashore, and they lands on the quay. The mob form a lane, and Mr. Harris leads his wife along it. Out-

side his 'ouse he stops, and waves his 'at again, and bows and smiles, and then puts his arm round Mrs. Harris and kisses her afore everyone. Then he opens the door, and takes her in, and shuts it.

"And that, sir, is how Mr. Harris brought his wife to Appledore."

The old man paused and sighed. "It were a brave sight," he said. "Mr. Harris is up for the Council now. He says 'twill be the proudest day o' his life if he gets put in. H'm wrong there. His proudest day were when he brought his wife home to Appledore."

"But what about the queasiness coming home?" I demanded, "and why didn't——" but my questions were

The Cornhill Magazine.

only partially asked. A shiver came over the shining water a myriad trickles and rivulets spread themselves over the great mass of sand that lay exposed to our right hand. The tide had turned.

"Get your rod, sir; they won't be long now. Watch the gulls! The queasiness? Oh, that never come back. The doing in the lifeboat were kill or cure, and it cured him. Anyway, he never 'ad no more o' it. He—but look there, sir! There's the bass. My yarn's spun just in time."

I flicked the blue-and-white minnow free of the rod. Old John knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and grasped the oars. For the rest of the morning *Perca Labrax* held the stage.

W. H. Adams.

## THE HARVEST.

Shadowless lies the land  
Under the sun,  
Only the poplars stand  
With moveless boughs in the heat  
That broods o'er the blackened wheat  
And the ground so hardly won.

No other tree in the waste.  
They only stand  
Where the straight white road is traced  
Athwart the land.  
And ever under the sky  
Do the slow-winged birds go by—  
The slow black birds of prey  
That wait but the close of day  
For the night to bring them food.

The curse of the heat is here,  
And the curse of blood.  
Cold-lipped, and with eyes of fear,  
'Neath the sun's flood  
Wanders the spirit of death;  
And e'en in the burning noon is an icy  
breath  
And the red of the west is to me like  
the redness of blood.

The village is still as the heat,  
From the ruined houses start  
The rats across the street.—  
There is never another sound,  
For the guns are silent today,  
And the endless lines of men that are  
bound  
For the place of death and the name-  
less mound  
Have taken another way.

At the end of the ruined street  
Roodless the church yet stands  
To the God men praise with their lips  
While they mock Him with their  
hands;  
With hands that have scrawled for sport  
Their jests on the altar-stone,  
And their ribald words on the lips of  
Christ,  
The marred Christ hanging alone.

Who has measured pain,  
And who has a plumb for that sea  
Where the soul shall know again  
Its own immensity?



For the voice of the mind is dumb,  
But the voice of the soul is heard,  
Where the wild dark waters are come  
And the face of man's sky is blurred.

Who shall say "Lo here  
Shall the glory of war be found,  
That a nation arose without fear  
And smote her foe to the ground  
For the wrong that he dared to dream,  
And the hell that he wrought on earth;  
That she pressed after Honor's gleam  
Though it led to a land of dearth"?

Who has measured wrong,  
And who shall assign it a bound?  
Where the scornful might of the strong  
And the cry of the weak be found—  
Say, is the tale complete?  
Ah! myriad wrongs spring up  
Where one has set its feet,  
And the earth is a poisoned cup  
Where the goodly wine brings death,  
And one drop of venom there  
Shall poison the very breath  
Of the winds in the upper air.

What of the men who died  
Stout-hearted and steadfast-eyed  
For the good they might not share  
And the goal to them denied?  
For the lamp they strove to bear  
Should light another's way,  
And the boon that they might not share  
Is the boon we hold today.

What of the god-like men  
Who lie in the dust today  
For the dreams that we hold so light,  
And the hope that we fling away?  
Ah! shall we not vex their sleep,  
We men of the lesser mold,  
Who sully the name they bled to keep,  
And the honor they died to hold?

A thousand ages ago  
Man fought with the axe of stone  
That the many might seize the thing  
they loved  
From the few, and hold it alone.  
The Poetry Review.

For the will of the strong was law  
And the right of the weak was death  
When man was one with the beasts of  
the earth  
And battled with them for breath.

And today with their coward lips  
Men prate of love in their creeds,  
And a thousand times today  
Do they spurn her with their deeds.  
For we talk of the law of truth  
While our God is the law of might,  
And the will of the strongest there  
Is the thing we hold as right.

What have we gained with the years,  
But the greater power to lie?  
We, who speak of the truth,  
Smooth-voiced and with side-long eye;  
Better the axe of stone  
And the feet on the weakest throat  
Than the lying lips and the coward  
thrust  
And the stealthy eyes that gloat.

Now for the one's desire  
Shall the many be crucified  
On the cross of a lawless power  
With the nails of a soulless pride.  
And the wrong goes deeper yet,  
Aye, deep as the springs of life,  
And has blossomed out at the 'hest of  
pride  
In the deadly flower of strife.

And nothing shall purge the land  
Where the curse of sin has stood  
But the purge of the whetted steel  
And the drench of blood.  
While perchance at the end shall Peace  
Her impotent pinions spread  
O'er the ruined home and the smoking  
land  
And the blank eyes of our dead.

Hark!—through the lazy air  
Comes the sound of the guns again.  
Once more man reaps with a sickle of  
fire  
The harvest of the slain.

*Ernest K. Challenger.*

## WOMEN AND THE LEGAL PROFESSION.

A memorial, signed by a very influential body of women, has been submitted to the Prime Minister and Mr. Bonar Law, asking the Government to give facilities to Lord Buckmaster's Bill authorizing the admission of women as solicitors in England and Wales. The signatories draw attention to the fact that the Bill passed through the House of Lords without a division, and state that they have behind them the support of the organized women of the country. They further hold that the need for the immediate passage of a corresponding measure for Scotland is equally urgent.

Women have been practising medicine in this country for more than a generation; they may be Insurance Commissioners, factory inspectors, school inspectors, accountants, architects, and since the war they have entered and successfully carried out the duties of many new employments hitherto assumed to be beyond their capacity; but the learned profession of the law is still closed to them. The Universities allow them to study law and to graduate, and a number have so graduated at the Universities of Dublin, Edinburgh, and London. But the degree is not a sufficient qualification for practising either as a barrister or as a solicitor.

The question of women practising as solicitors was first raised in connection with their right to practise before the Scotch Courts in 1901, when Miss Margaret Hall applied to the Society of Law Agents to be admitted to the necessary examination with a view to apprenticing herself to a solicitor and qualifying for the profession. The Society of Law Agents did not oppose her claim. "They did not conceive it to be their interest or

duty to maintain that women ought not to be admitted to practise the profession of law." They entered the Court to ascertain whether it was legally possible to admit a woman to the examination and the profession. The decision was adverse. The judges held that, though the Court was authorized to admit "persons" this was an ambiguous term, which they construed in accordance with inveterate usage. The word was interpreted to mean "male persons," since no other had ever been admitted as Law Agents. In the sixteen years that have elapsed since then more than one attempt has been made to promote a Bill to remove this disability, but without success. One law graduate, Miss Eveline McLaren, LL.B., has worked in a solicitor's office in Edinburgh, and so gained experience which corresponds to apprenticeship for a man; and, although not legally qualified, she does much of the regular work of a solicitor, and has even instructed counsel in the law courts.

In England the question of admitting women to this branch of the profession was raised in 1912, when the Misses Bebb, Costelloe, Ingram, and Nettlefold made a similar application to be admitted to the necessary examinations to qualify as solicitors. Again the decision was adverse. Here, too, the Law Society did not oppose their admission, except for the purpose of ascertaining whether, under the Solicitors Act of 1843, it was legally possible to admit women. The difference between this and the previous case was that Clause 48 of the English Solicitors Act of 1843 provided that "every word importing the masculine gender only shall extend and be applied to a female as well as to a male; . . . unless . . . it be otherwise specially provided, or

there be something in the subject or content repugnant to such construction." This provision is in the very Act itself, and yet the Court declared that women were not "persons" within the meaning of the Act.

In the same year, 1913, Lord Wolmer sought to promote a Bill to enable women to become barristers, solicitors, and Parliamentary agents, but it made no progress. It may be remarked that women have already at several Parliamentary elections acted as Parliamentary agents; so that the third provision in the Bill seemed unnecessary, except on the principle that, since the interpretation of the law where women are concerned tends to be arbitrary, it is well to take no risks. After the adverse decision in the Court of Appeal the appellants took steps to promote a more limited Bill to enable women to practise as solicitors. In connection with this Bill the then Lord Chancellor Haldane stated in reply to an influential deputation which included Mrs. Fawcett, Lord Robert Cecil, Miss Violet Markham, Miss Mary MacArthur and Mrs. Humphry Ward that he was strongly of opinion that the determination of the disabilities of women should be left to nature and not to law, and that he was in favor of the principle of the Bill, as were also the then Prime Minister and law officers of the Crown. With this expression of sympathy from prominent members of the Government the prospects of the Bill seemed good, but its further progress was made impossible at the time by the outbreak of war. Of the women who have graduated in law, at least one, Miss Nettlefold, works in a solicitor's office, and is thus acquiring the necessary practical experience of a solicitor.

There are two opinions as to the legality of admitting women to the Bar. Besides passing the necessary examinations, applicants must keep a

certain number of terms at one of the Inns of Court, and the members of the Inn vote on the admission of new members. A somewhat similar rule holds regarding admittance to the Scotch Faculty of Advocates. So long ago as 1903 the application of Miss Bertha Cave to the Benchers of Gray's Inn to be allowed to keep her terms and to be called to the Bar was refused. On her appeal to the Visitors of the Inn, the Lord Chancellor said that there was no precedent for ladies being called to the English Bar and the tribunal was unwilling to create one. Some authorities hold that the Judges have the right to create the precedent; others that they have delegated this power to the Inns of Court, who therefore have the right to decide whether or not they shall admit women. No similar application has been made to the Faculty of Advocates in Scotland, but in the hearing of the Hall case the Court was reminded that it had not been entirely adverse to admitting women to practise law, since the Justiciary records contain the report of a trial on June 12th, 1563, in which Lady Crawford appeared as advocate for the defense of a prisoner who was ultimately acquitted. This would form a valuable precedent should a definite application be made.

The legally learned woman is no invention of the twentieth century. The great canonist of Bologna, Johannes Andreae (d. 1348), mentions that he was much indebted to his wife, Milancia, for assisting him in solving difficult questions of the law. His daughter, Novella, was also an erudite lawyer, and took her father's place in the lecture-room. Another brilliant woman lawyer was Bitizia Godzadini, also of Bologna (1500-1546), who was made a doctor of laws, and who lectured publicly on the Institutes of Justinian. Under

the Roman system women were at one time allowed to plead, but the right was taken from them. The story is that a lady named Caffrinia, "a most impudent female," while pleading her case without the respect due to the court, disturbed the magistrate, lost her case and her temper, and gave the judges a piece of her mind. The lady's version of the story has not been recorded. But the practice of punishing the whole female sex for the fault of one of its members was evidently prevalent then as now.

In refusing to open the legal professions to women we are behind all but the most backward of the civilized countries. Women have had the right to practise as barristers in France since 1900; in Sweden they may practise as barristers or solicitors, if unmarried. They have practised as lawyers in Denmark since 1906. They have also the right to practise in some of the Cantons of Switzerland, in Finland, Norway, the Netherlands, and even in the Argentine Republic. In Portugal a woman is reported to have appeared successfully as counsel. In the British Dominions overseas they are eligible in New Zealand, in some parts of Canada, and throughout the greater part of Australia. It is in the United States, however, that women lawyers are most firmly established; they practise throughout the States, except in Georgia, Arkansas, and Virginia; they number about a thousand, and run a women lawyers' journal. In most European countries—Austria is an exception—women may take degrees in law. In Belgium, Italy, Roumania, and South Africa, as in England and Scotland, unsuccessful attempts have been made in the law courts to have women's legal right to qualify and to practise declared.

All over the world women are seeking to have this legal barrier removed. A brilliant young woman student re-

cently applied to the Calcutta Court to have it declared that she might practise law. The *Times* of April 23d reports that the Dublin Chancery Division has disallowed the appointment of a woman who claimed to be elected clerk of a Petty Sessions. The workings of the judicial minds are curiously illustrated in the ground of the judge's decision in this case. Notwithstanding the fact that the young woman had for five years during her father's illness been discharging the duties of the office, when she made application to act in her own name, the Court solemnly declared that the disqualification of women nominally rested upon considerations of decorum and upon the unfitness of certain painful and exacting duties in relation to the finer qualities of women. Within the last month the Legislature of Nova Scotia has unanimously adopted a Bill to enable women to practise as lawyers, while from Russia it is announced that four women have just been admitted to the Moscow Bar.

It is too late to argue the unfitness of women for the profession. Apart from foreign experience, our women factory and Board of Trade inspectors have for many years been successfully conducting their own cases, and doing their own cross-examination. The majority of the legal opponents of the reform, indeed, frankly base their opposition on fear of the competition of women. It is not probable that women will enter the profession in large numbers, but the few who do have the other women of the country at their back. There is a great positive need of women lawyers. Women on certain questions would prefer to consult a woman. In many cases it would be well that a woman should be present to watch the interests of her sex. Women will never learn just how the law affects them, or

exactly how it works out in practice, and how new laws are likely to be interpreted, until women have been taking part in the practical work of interpreting the law and its administration. Today the country is reaping the benefit of the knowledge that has come to women and to the country through the woman doctor. Many of the present abuses and inequalities in the administration of our courts cannot be remedied until women have a practical knowledge of the machinery  
The New Statesman.

of the law. It will take time to acquire this knowledge, but the obstacles should be removed at once. During the war the energies of millions have been directed towards destruction which has now and after the war to be made good. The country cannot do with less than the best services of all its citizens, women as well as men. We cannot continue to shut the door on those women who can best serve it by entering the legal profession.

*Chrystal Macmillan.*

### TODAY.

Uppe and sette y<sup>t</sup> lance in reste!  
Uppe and follow on the queste!  
Leave the issue to be guessed  
At the endynge of the waye.

The military position has never been so good, so entirely heartening for the Allied Cause as it is today: we say this quite cognizant of the difficult conditions on the Eastern front. Whereas the naval position—which is but another way of saying the food question—has never been so grave and so fraught with menace to that cause.

There are despondent and censorious people who, because the British and French Armies have not in the first month of this year's offensive burst through the German army and crumpled it up, fall back on their dreary doubts and murmur that the thing cannot be done, and that, after all, a sort of draw is the utmost which can be secured against the Central Powers. That is the craven's line, and also the stupid person's line. The stupidity is evident when we bear in mind the fact that in the heroic, vast battles of Vimy Ridge and of Arras it was not in the strategy of the British Army to burst through the whole German line and to crumple up

and destroy the huge armies of Hindenburg at this period. By means of fresh organizations, civilian and military—the ability and vigor of which it is ridiculous to belittle—the enemy Government and High Command have been able to amass on the Western front an exceedingly powerful force. It is doubtful whether the German army in Belgium and France has ever been so mighty in bulk as it was when the British opened the offensive against it this year at Vimy and Arras, following the enemy retreat from the Somme and Ancre and the capture of Bapaume. We have never seen the least use or sense in making light of the reorganizing ability of Hindenburg and his staff, and of the mass levy of the German civilians which made this reorganization possible. We regarded them as most formidable steps so far back as last autumn, when a kind of music-hall spirit here—which is, fortunately, remote from the British Army's spirit—was scoffing at German effort and predicting the speedy collapse of the whole German machine. The truth, of course, is that this reorganization well on in the third year of the war was a great war achievement not by the enemy Government and High



Command alone, but by the whole German people pulling together, on the whole, with unity. No one who thought at all carefully about this movement in Germany and troubled to acquaint himself with the truth about the strengthening of the German armies in the West since the battle of the Somme, where they were roughly handled and out-generated, expected the bursting through and crumpling up business in the first month of the spring offensive. It was impossible and unthinkable. But, though the Allied Armies have not achieved or attempted to achieve the miracle expected by impatient and censorious people, they have done magnificently.

Let us examine the British feat, as we are better qualified to treat of that. When the enemy started his return on the Somme and Ancre and abandoned Bapaume it was claimed by him—and it was ludicrously suspected by our faint hearts at home—that the British Army was thereby thrown off its guard and out of its reckoning and was liable at any moment to be drawn into a trap. Were we not assured by one fond belittler of the British Command and of its fighting spirit that once more the Army had been “found wanting”? That croak had hardly sounded—in the name of “free speech” and the “liberty of the Press”—when the German army was losing thousands of prisoners and hundreds of guns of all calibres at Vimy and at Arras and being driven in disorder miles past the line where its leaders intended it by a bloodless withdrawal to take up a new and “impregnable” position. There is not much trap in that result, and not much indication of being found wanting when an opportunity to strike occurred. The British Army, led by a professional soldier, consummate in the study and practice of war,

has done mightily in these opening weeks of the 1917 offensive. In April alone it took 19,343 German prisoners, including 393 officers. It captured 257 guns and howitzers, nearly half of these being heavy ones, with 227 trench mortars and 470 machine-guns. It inflicted continuous and severe losses in dead and wounded on the retiring Germans, and it has succeeded largely in disorganizing their plans for retiring between Arras and Lens in time to occupy in those regions the continuation of the so-called Hindenburg Line without serious casualties or heavy fighting.

The huge retiring German army has not been burst through, turned, and crumpled up; no one in his sane senses ought to have looked for that, or has the right to be critical because it has not been achieved; but its skilful plans for withdrawing in time from the reach of the preparing British offensive, and resettling on new lines of great strength and elaborate preparation for months past, have been foiled by the British Army, as we believe—though here, admittedly, we have not the requisite knowledge—they also have by the French under their great leader, General Nivelle. Thus, far from being found wanting, or from being baffled and trapped, the British Army has caught the German host before it had time to escape to its new lines and dealt it a terrific blow. Thanks to the vast, sustaining, buffeting line of steel from Ypres to St. Quentin, an Englishman can hold up his head in the world today.

As to the peril through the enemy's submarines and the growing shrinkage of the food supply of this country, we have been fully alive to it for some time past. Most of the stories about our sinking numbers of these new submarines are moonshine: the First Lord of the Admiralty virtually deprecated such stories by his frank, manly

speech some weeks ago. Sir Edward Carson has been straight as a die over the whole matter, and we regard the attacks on him and sneers at him with utter contempt. The truth is, we are not putting down numbers of German submarines, and the truth is they are putting down great numbers of the vessels which bring us our daily bread. It is a race for dear life between us and the Germans, and the danger is grave and imminent. We have to smash the German army—Germany has to starve us out. Nothing would induce us to pretend it is otherwise, for we dread and detest hypocrisy and bragging. The people who are killing Germany all day long with their mouths, abusing her to death, are half-witted. You cannot kill Germany by abusing her or the Kaiser. It is a military operation, not a mouthing one.

To save the situation as regards food, it looks needful for the State to commandeer at once all the considerable food sources and supplies of the country and to ration drastically in all food materials that matter. The time has passed for fiddling fractionally with formidable questions, waiting on ridiculous nonsense called "common consent," and pottering along with feeble little doses of voluntarism. It is a favorite contention that the German plan of rationing has failed. Yes, but if the Germans had not rationed long ago they would have eaten themselves out of house and home, they would have been starved out, and compelled through

The Saturday Review.

gaunt famine to evacuate France and Belgium. The ration plan in Germany was badly done because it was done in strangely halting, piecemeal fashion. As a result, town was set against country, poor against rich, district against district. Still, if it had not been done at all, Germany and Austria would have gone under. The food ration must come, of course, but let us hope not by deadly dribblets. Meantime the King's fine proclamation must appeal to every patriotic citizen.

Even with a bold and effective food organization the submarine danger, it may be argued, is not disposed of. We grant it. This nation is now entering a most hazardous period, and the future is dark and uncharted. Brave hearts and cool, resourceful heads will be needed at home as they have never been needed before. We must all combine to strengthen the hands of the Government, which is being led with immense energy and fervor by the Prime Minister; for we shall not get a better, and we must give of our best to the great Army which is striking home for us across the water. We must trust implicitly in that Army and its leader, dismiss wretched, enervating reflections as to what may happen in three or four months' time if the mastery under the sea is not regained, and work manfully in the present. Today, after the manner of the fighting men in France:

Uppe and sette y<sup>e</sup> lance in reste!  
Uppe and follow on the queste!  
Leave the issue to be guessed  
At the endynge of the waye.

### A COMMON SORROW.

Mr. Choate, who lived amongst us as American Ambassador for six years and won for himself an exceptionally high place in the esteem and the affections of the English people, has passed

away at the great age of eighty-five. The dearest wish of his life was to see the English-speaking nations of the world drawn closely together in heart and in thought. No man did more

than he to accomplish this great purpose. In this country and in his own, he felt it was his mission to interpret the minds and the sentiments of the two communities to each other. He worked for that end with rare judgment, tact, and knowledge, and he worked for it unwearingly to the last. He died in harness for the cause he loved. Choate himself used modestly to attribute much of his success in the promotion of a more cordial understanding between the English and the American peoples to the support his efforts received from the two Presidents under whom he served, from the two Sovereigns to whom he was accredited, and from statesmen, on both sides of the Atlantic, like Mr. Hay, Mr. Balfour, and Lord Lansdowne. He was, indeed, happy, both in the men with whom he had to deal and with the season of his sojourn here, but good fortune of that order enters into all enterprises of moment which attain the goal. The desire for a close friendship between the English-speaking democracies, whose ideals, whose principles, and whose institutions have so much in common, was in the minds of many earnest and able thinkers in the United States and in the British Empire. Choate knew how to "take occasion by the hand," and that is not the least amongst the gifts of a diplomatist.

Choate was above all else a lawyer. He never sat in Congress and was an Ambassador only by accident. The large element of the law of England and of the United States which is in substance the same, and the identity of the doctrines from which both systems spring, form one of the strongest bonds between the minds of the two nations. Blackstone's Commentaries have probably done more to mold average American thought than any other book except the Bible. Choate, as a lawyer, loved to dwell

upon this tie, particularly when he was amongst his many friends of the English Bench and Bar. Many of the other distinguished men whom America has chosen to represent her in the Old Country—and what an illustrious list they are!—have practised at the Bar, or at all events have read law; but most of them won their proudest laurels in different fields. Bancroft, Motley, and Russell Lowell had won a European fame as men of letters years before they were accredited to St. James's, and they had already served as diplomatists at other Courts. Mr. Hay, whose labors for the promotion of Anglo-American friendship can never be forgotten, had been Assistant Secretary to President Lincoln, and had been at Paris, Vienna, and Madrid. Mr. Phelps and Mr. Whitelaw Reid were shrewd and pleasant men of the world, admirably suited to win the favor of the society in which they moved. All, in their several ways and according to their several gifts and opportunities, helped to dispel prejudices and to prepare the way for a more intelligent and more sympathetic relationship between the Great Republic and ourselves. Today the development of that relationship in its new form has been entrusted to an Ambassador of another type, which is exceptionally adapted to the feelings and the circumstances of the joint war of the two democracies. Mr. Page is neither an eminent lawyer nor a diplomatist of long and varied experience. He is a poorer man than most of his predecessors, and he has lived a different life. But that only strengthens his hold upon the democracy here and in America. He has shown a power of work, a moral earnestness, and a cool judgment which have won for him universal admiration and universal confidence. None of the great men who have held

his post before him has spoken to our hearts or expounded our ideals with more force or with more truth. He is carrying  
The Times.

on wisely, ardently, and well the tradition of the great school of which Joseph H. Choate was so illustrious a pillar.

---

### JILL-OF-ALL-TRADES AND MISTRESS OF MANY.

[*The Daily Chronicle*, writing on women farmers, quotes the tribute of Hutton, the historian, to a Derbyshire lady who died at Matlock in 1854: "She undertakes any kind of manual labor, as holding the plough, driving the team, thatching the barn, using the flail; but her chief avocation is breaking horses at a guinea per week. She is fond of Pope and Shakespeare, is a self-taught and capable instrumentalist, and supports the bass viol in Matlock Church."]

Though in the good old-fashioned days  
The feminine factotum rarely  
Was honored with a crown of bays  
When she had won it fairly;  
She did emerge at times like one  
For manual work a perfect glutton,  
Blue-stocking half, half Amazon,  
As chronicled by Hutton.

But now you'll find her counterpart  
In almost every English Village—  
A mistress of the arduous art  
Of scientific tillage,  
Who cheerfully resigns the quest  
Of all that makes a woman charming,  
And shows an even greater zest  
For gardening and farming.  
Punch.

She used to petrify her dons;

She was a most efficient bowler;  
But now she's baking barley scones  
To help the Food Controller;  
Good *Mrs. Beeton* she devours,  
And not the dialogues of Plato,  
And sets above the Cult of Flowers  
The Cult of the Potato.

The studious maid whose classic  
brow

Was high with conscious pride of  
learning  
Now grooms the pony, milks the cow,  
And takes a hand at churning;  
And one I know, whose music had  
Done credit to her educators,  
Has sold her well-beloved "Strad"  
To purchase incubators!

The object of this humble lay

Is not to minimize the glory  
Of women of an earlier day  
Whose deeds are shrined in story;  
'Tis only to extol the grit  
Of clever girls—and none work  
harder—  
Who daily do their toilsome "bit"  
To stock the nation's larder.

---

### INDUSTRIAL UNREST.

We see before us at the present time two strong movements in the industrial world which are causing an ever-expanding fissure to open between the rank and file of workmen and the Trade Union leaders, between the rank and file of workmen and their employers, and between the rank and

file of workmen and the various Government departments which clamor for their continuous loyal services. On the one hand we see the large employers and the more enlightened of the Trade Union leaders drawing together and forming joint organizations designed to deal with the re-distribution

of labor upon demobilization, and with the reconstruction of industry after the war. We see Trade Union leaders and employers working hand in hand with Government departments, and endeavoring to co-ordinate the often conflicting demands of the Admiralty, War Office, Ministry of Munitions, National Service, and Department of Shipyards Labor. Yet the closer and more intimate become the relations of the Trade Union leaders and the employers with one another and the Government departments, the wider yawns the gap which opens between all three of them and the workmen upon whose labor success in the war directly depends. This industrial phenomenon is discouraging and not a little disconcerting; it might be called ominous without straining language or truth.

The relations between employers and Trade Union leaders have rarely, if ever, been more harmonious; the unrest among workmen throughout the country has rarely been more widely spread and more difficult to appease. The old instinctive theory of the mutual antagonism of labor and capital is held today as strongly as ever in the mind of the average workman, and the more he sees his leaders hobnobbing, as he calls it, with employers and Government departments, the more he regards himself and his interests as having been sold. The problem of allaying labor unrest, if only for a while, has become so urgent that the underlying causes need all the examination that disinterested observers can give to it. Let us take first what is known as dilution: the breaking down of the monopoly under which skilled and semi-skilled men in a trade were guarded by regulations from outside competition. The rank and file of the workmen of this country, whether engaged in munition factories or in factories of a more private

kind, have from the first detested dilution. The Trade Union leaders accepted the principle, the men have never accepted it. They have been driven by pressure of legislation and of public opinion to submit to it, but they have always hated it, and they hamper its working whenever they can devise a means. They regard dilution, with its abandonment of Trade Union privileges, as a device for thrusting them back into the position of serfs to capital from which their fathers rescued them half a century ago. It was thought that when men who had fought and bled in the trenches came back into civil labor—invalided or released from the Army as being of greater value in the workshop—that they would help their fellows to a wide view of national urgencies. But it has been found in practice that a man a fortnight back from the trenches is an even more bitter opponent of dilution than those who have never left the workshop. When in the trenches he cursed the "townies" who denied him the support of artillery; restored to the workshop, he curses the Trade Union leaders who have thrown away the privileges for which he and his fought and suffered in the years of peace. The psychology of the returned soldier is one of the most baffling of studies. He never thinks what one might expect him to think.

And seeing that there exists an ever-smoldering resentment on the part of the rank and file of Trade Union workmen against the whole principle of dilution—even when applied to what is strictly munition work—one can scarcely feel surprise that the Munitions of War Amendment Bill has aroused a flame. Under this Bill it is proposed to withdraw skilled labor from civil work—"private work"—and to dilute the labor which remains, just as the skilled labor in munition



factories has been diluted. The workmen think that they see in this Bill an attempt to raid their last ditch of privilege, and they oppose to it their one traditional weapon of the strike. They have leaders, but they are not the authorized constitutional leaders of the unions to which they belong. Those leaders they repudiate as traitors who have gone over to the capitalist enemy. We put their feelings in this plain, almost brutal, way since it is impossible to devise a remedy unless one first accurately understands a disease.

The employers have lost touch with their workmen, and the regular Trade Union leaders have lost touch with their constituents. The majority of the workmen in all Trade Unions are simple, honest men, with a deep sentiment of loyalty to their fellow-members. They are readily swayed by appeals to this sentiment of loyalty, and readily accept the doctrine preached by the I.L.P., that the acceptance of dilution is a betrayal of their class. This doctrine is preached in every workshop by shop stewards; the regular leaders far away are disregarded. The employers are out of touch. Their industries are controlled, their profits are limited; they feel the unrest which seethes around them, but they do not tackle it firmly. They shunt the responsibility of handling the labor problem upon the Government. To the ever-present resentment against dilution has been added the "combing" out of shops, the withdrawal of exemptions, the re-examination of men previously medically rejected. The latest Military Service Act, reviewing medical examinations and discharges, is intensely unpopular. Men with their trade cards or "protection" cards, thought they knew how they stood. Now they do not know. The multiplication of Government Departments, with overlapping powers, adds to the fever of discontent.

*The Economist.*

The National Service campaign, in many ways the most foolish exhibition of muddled thinking which we have witnessed during the war, has left its trail in the shops. Men engaged upon the most vital of national work were implored to put their names down for vague, unspecified purposes; they resented the appeals.

The workmen of this country are not unpatriotic; in essentials they are intensely patriotic. When we consider the conditions under which they lived and worked before the war, the sacrifices that they have made for their country are astonishing. But at present they are suffering from the operations of too many departments; they are surfeited with bureaucracy. They regard their employers as the enemy always, and their constitutional leaders as having gone over to the enemy. The Government is looked upon as in alliance with their employers and with their perfidious leaders. They are in a very nasty mood. And yet the average workman, especially the kindly English workman, is a quite reasonable person. If those set above him would only remember that he is full of suspicions, based on tradition and experience, and wants to know where he is going before he will move; if, instead of legislating first and explaining afterwards, the authorities would explain first and legislate afterwards, most of the difficulties would be anticipated. If our new and inexperienced bureaucracy would realize that both employers and Trade Union leaders are utterly out of touch with the British workman, they would seek to get down to him and understand him for themselves. But before doing so they must agree together what they are going to say and how they are going to act. When each department runs a private show of its own the confusion in the mind of the workman becomes acute.

## AMERICA AND THE WAR TEMPER.

The issue of the *Nation* for April 28 contains a very interesting article, which seems to me in every way worthy of careful attention. It is signed "Alvin Johnson," and is evidently written by an American, and by an American thoroughly conversant with the mental and moral attitudes of the various sections of his countrymen. The statements of fact in regard to the past and present direction of American sentiment are for the most part both true and important; some of them, indeed, refer to facts which I have more than once insisted on to the best of my ability. Yet, though, of course, none but charlatans pretend to foresee the future, especially in matters so little subject to calculation as the changes which time and the course of events produce in the popular temper of a foreign nation, I for one shall not be surprised if the prognostications which the author builds upon these facts prove completely false.

Broadly, the object of the article is to warn us—probably the Editor and many of the readers of the *Nation* would regard it as a subject of reassurance rather than of warning—that America, while frankly accepting and intending to fulfil faithfully her part in the War, so long as she regards it as a war of defense against intolerable German aggression, must not be counted on to continue the War for the purpose of punishing or permanently disarming the Germanic Powers when the scale turns decisively against them. This fear has been in the minds of many who cannot be expected to regard it with complacency, since they know that the escape of Prussia at the conclusion of this War would mean at best another more cruel and more perilous war a decade or so hence, at

the worst the destruction of all that we mean by Europe. And undoubtedly there are to be found circumstances connected with the entry of the United States which make the fear a very natural one.

These circumstances are clearly indicated in the article in question. After noting the contrast which has puzzled many foreign observers between the apparent acuteness of the division of American opinion up to the very moment of the declaration of war and the apparent unanimity with which that declaration was at once accepted, he proceeds to account for it in the following fashion, which I believe to be in the main a very close and true reading of the facts:—

Upon close view, however, both the earlier division of opinion and the later uniformity prove illusory. No miracle has been wrought; we are united in declaring war, but we are capable of falling into opposing parties upon issues pertaining to the objects of the war. Ever since the invasion of Belgium American sympathies have ranged themselves on the side of the Allies. The important line of cleavage has been, not between pro-Ally and pro-German, but between those who wished to act upon their sympathy with the Allied cause and those who wished America to remain aloof from European complications.

From this, which I believe to be a very just description of the earlier state of American opinion, the writer proceeds to explain that what has happened is simply the conversion of that section of opinion which originally opposed intervention and which he calls "Moderate opinion" to a recognition of the absolute necessity of war, and that this conversion we owe not to a miracle, nor to the personal au-

thority of the President—those who can imagine such a thing possible misconceive the nature of a democracy—but to that very patience and apparent submissiveness for which Mr. Wilson has been so largely blamed, to his steady resistance of a hundred temptations to draw the sword prematurely, to his acceptance of outrage after outrage, until he felt that he could speak with the voice of a united nation in declaring that the peace could be kept no longer with those whom no law or pledge could bind.

All this I believe to be strictly true, and it is common fairness to the President's much misunderstood statesmanship that it should be recorded. But then the writer appends his conclusion, a conclusion which does not seem to me by any means so certain:—

America is at war, but not by a triumph of the pro-war party. It is moderate opinion that has made war, and that is in control of the national policy. This does not mean that the nation will fail to put forth all its energies in the prosecution of the War. But it does mean that neither President Wilson nor anyone else can carry the people with him in support of war policies that do not commend themselves to the democracy as just and ultimately consonant with international harmony. If America's entry into the War should give a new impetus to a desire for the elimination of Germany as a world Power and the immoderate aggrandizement of other nations, the American democracy will quickly lose heart in the enterprise.

Now, in the last sentence quoted the writer clearly leaves the field of fact, upon which we have admitted him so excellent a guide, for that of speculation. That it is "Moderate opinion has made war" in the sense that the conversion of "Moderate opinion" was the immediate determining cause of war is, I believe, quite true. That the same "Moderate opinion" which

once opposed war is now anxious to limit the objective of the War is at least highly probable. That such opinion, so long as it remains the predominant or even a very powerful body of opinion, will have great weight with a President who knows that his whole authority proceeds from his claim to speak for his people, is self-evident. But the assumption that the ultimate aims of America will be so conditioned depends upon the further assumption that the character and the balance of American sentiment will after some long or short period of hostilities remain exactly what it is today. And that assumption is neither self-evident nor, on the whole, consonant with historical precedents.

Consider the case of the Civil War. Neither divided counsels nor a great body of "Moderate opinion" anxious for peace at almost any price were wanting in the Northern States at the beginning of that war. While the South was arming and openly challenging an appeal to the sword, the great body of Northern opinion seemed anxious only to find some desperate compromise which must just avert civil war. When compromise failed, there were many who seemed disposed to prefer the dissolution of the Union to an appeal to arms.

Lincoln understood as well as Mr. Wilson the importance of carrying this "Moderate opinion" with him in all that he did. He suffered South Carolina to declare herself a separate nation, to invite her sister States to secede from the Union and to form a Confederation with her, to raise an army for the express and avowed purpose of resisting the Federal Government, even to send envoys to Washington as to the Court of a foreign nation. Not till the flag was actually fired upon at Sumter did he draw the sword. Even then he was careful to keep to the limits prescribed by Con-

gress as representing "Moderate" opinion in regard to the objective of the war. He strictly enforced the Fugitive Slave Law, until Congress itself resolved that the delivering up of slaves was no part of the duties of the Federal armies. Even when he published his famous proclamation emancipating the slaves of rebels, he was careful to defend it not on humanitarian but on military grounds, as the confiscation of enemy "property" used for military purposes.

But did "Moderate opinion" remain what it was when Congress, after exhausting a score of abortive Conferences and Compromises, reluctantly consented to fight on the strict understanding that negro slavery was to remain an unchallenged and strictly respected institution? Turn from the Congress of 1860 to the Congress of 1864, or, still more, to the Congress of 1866—the Congress that passed the Reconstruction Acts and impeached Andrew Johnson. Where was "Moderate opinion" then, when it was a question not of carefully protecting the most invidious of Southern institutions but of paying some respect to the most elementary of Southern and, indeed, The New Witness.

of human rights, when it was a question not of whether the negro should remain a slave but of whether the whole white population should be placed under his heel? In that day there were those who, in the efforts to stem the tide, did venture to invoke that very resolution of Congress at the opening of the war to which I have referred. How were they answered? I quote from memory the last of Lowell's "Bigelow Papers," which belongs to the date in question:—

Who cares for the Resolves of '61

That tried to coax an earthquake with  
a bun?

Has nothin' happened jest at all since  
then

To teach us how to act and speak like  
men?

I do not, I need hardly say, approve Lowell's views as expressed on that occasion; but I should certainly not be surprised if the same retort were more fitly and legitimately flung at Mr. Alvin Johnson or any other American who may invoke the "Moderate" declarations of today after America has, maybe, had some little experience of Prussia's hand at her throat.

*Ecib.*

### THE PRESENT VALUE OF CAVALRY.

So far cavalry has had no decisive share in the Great War. In the early autumn of 1914 the Uhlans burst into Belgium and Northern France, murdering, destroying, burning, but the military advantage was small. The German cavalry entirely failed to work round the Allied flank and to cut into the line of communication, which might have made another Sedan along the Marne. British and French infantry stuck to their posts grimly, and reduced the plan of "big sweeps" to confusion. Our cavalry certainly had a

few encounters with the enemy's mounted troops when the Kaiser ordered the "Rush to Calais," but the problem was solved, the advance was stayed by machine-gun and rifle fire and not by horsed tactics.

On the Eastern front cavalry at the outset had some scope, and what advantage there was went in favor of our Ally there. The great passes from Poland through the Carpathians were stormed, and for a week or so the Cossacks spread terror to the very gates of Vienna. But the effort ended

because the Russian infantry was overmatched by the artillery of the Germans. No battle yet has turned on the evolution of mounted troops.

The dreary months of trench warfare, of artillery bombardment, of grenade practice, of poison gas, drove the horse from the field. Many cavalry regiments have gone into the fighting line as ordinary infantry, especially in those dark days when reinforcements trickled slowly from the British depôts. But neither Sir John French nor Sir Douglas Haig forgot that many thousands of horses could be kept in good training and condition within easy reach of our lines. Mounted patrols have been regularly used to clear the country immediately behind the trenches of spies, snipers, and casual parties of the enemy. It was service which the motor-cyclist could not attempt. Sooner or later British commanders have been certain that the swift gallop, the heavy charge of cavalry would become a matter of vital importance. Present events seem to show that they were right. Whether the enemy has appreciated cavalry in the same light, the records of the Great Advance will show. In the meantime our squadrons are engaging the retreating enemy to good effect.

Cavalry is far more mobile than the famous "tank," though it cannot profitably be used against entrenched positions. There are few obstacles in the open country which can turn a well-trained horse and a determined rider. The enemy retiring by echelon from the deep-cut positions leaves no gap in his line of bayonets, leaves no quarter mile without its cluster of machine-guns. Gaps are industriously felt for by our advancing horsemen, and the slightest hesitation on the part of the enemy may turn his strategic retreat into a rout, or cause a swift reforming of German troops which

will leave a whole division "in the air," and in danger of being surrounded and made captive. The presence of cavalry makes retreat on a wide front a perilous form of movement indeed, and Hindenburg may be very sorry long before his whole line reaches "the prepared position" for which it is said to be making.

The machine-gun is a particular menace against mounted troops, and in this arm the enemy has certainly great resources. A withering discharge from a single barrel can make untenable any point at which horses can attack. Infantry advancing with bomb and bayonet make short, sudden rushes, choosing intervals when the machine-gunners' attention is attracted elsewhere—for instance, when a string of Stokes grenades is whirling overhead. Every vestige of cover is used. The men leap from the invisible, charge and dodge about for some twenty seconds, and then melt into the earth again. A machine-gunner has to be pretty smart to get an effective sight in the short time available. Compared with such, a cavalry advance makes a great and permanent target. The horse is a bulky mark, and a regiment has easily been held up for hours by a single gun-team, when no stiffening of bomb-throwers or bayonet-men was at hand.

It has been said that a strand or two of barbed-wire can put a thousand horsemen into confusion. This is hardly true, and in any case the matter operates equally against the enemy cavalry coming out into the open—where Hindenburg evidently wishes him to be. To occupy swiftly a position which the enemy has abandoned is the business which cavalry can do best of all. The "tank" is far too cumbrous to get into a rearguard which desires nothing better than the order to scamper on to the cover of the next trench. Cavalry can put a proper



force into a newly-won trench to hold it against any average counter-attack.

It was freely stated that the magazine-rifle had discounted cavalry to the vanishing point. A single soldier, so it was argued, carried ten lives in the little reservoir beneath his rifle. In theory a score of men on foot could defy a mounted regiment. In practice such has not been the case. A swift charge of mounted men can cut a line of communication neatly and thoroughly, and their presence is a terror to the soldiers in the firing lines.

Old cavalry commanders may, with some fairness, complain that the present use of the horse in warfare does not constitute cavalry. Sabre and lance have apparently gone into the limbo of past things. The arm is simply mounted infantry and nothing more. Certainly the cavalryman of today is expected to do much in the way of rifle shooting. The Charge of the Light Brigade would be even more absurd today than it was sixty years ago.

The Outlook.

ago in the Crimea. Yet bolting from cover to cover, passing through the ruined woods and through the wrecked valleys, our British cavalry are testing the solidity of the German lines. The retreating regiments are being hastened by well-directed volleys from positions which an hour ago were in German hands, and rearguards are being hotly handled. So far the enemy's cavalry has not come out to cover the retreat of its soldiers. The ideal of the old cavalry was to form in squadron, to gallop here and there, crushing down opposition, to hurl a heavy body of men at any point which was unprotected, to retreat here, to feint there, generally to make things lively over many miles of battlefield. The tactics of campaigns in France have been on a cramped scale up to now, but there is no surety that such will remain the case. The evacuation of Belgium may come as the result of a sudden "drive" through the German lines far away on the Somme.

## THE FUTURE OF PALESTINE.

This is not the time for speculation as to the territorial or commercial gains which may come to the British Empire as the result of the war. The less we say or think about the profits which we may make out of the war, the more certain we are to carry our Allies, including America, and the great Dominions with us to the end. We did not go to war for the sake of territory or trade, as the Germans falsely pretend, and our disinterested aims have been generally recognized by the world. The good impression which we created at the outset must not be weakened now by indiscreet and unauthorized conjectures as to the profits which we are going to set against our terrible losses in the fight

for liberty. A flagrant example of the speculations which we dislike appears in the *New Europe* of last week. The unnamed author of an article on "Great Britain, Palestine, and the Jews" assumes that the appearance of General Murray's army at the gates of Gaza implies our intention to conquer Palestine and to keep it. "We are not," he says, "gathering up Palestine as material for bargaining at the Peace Conference." Having imputed this policy to our Government, without any warrant, he defends it on strategical grounds. The Turkish threats against the Suez Canal have amounted to little in this war, but have shown that the desert is no longer a barrier to armies, and that a

great military Power holding Palestine might cause us serious concern for the safety of our main Imperial route to India and Australia. We cannot, therefore, let Turkey retain Palestine, as "the Turkey of the future will be a tool of Germany." Indeed, "we cannot allow any great military Power other than ourselves in Palestine." We are told bluntly that "French interests in Palestine"—as distinguished from Syria—"are of the most exiguous character," but that "Palestine is a vital need of British Imperial strategy." In fact, in the author's conception, the "great natural fortress" of the Holy Land might serve as "a central military reservoir for the whole Empire." But a British Palestine must be a Jewish Palestine, and thus we are led up to the idea that the Jews are to go back to Canaan and establish a self-governing Jewry under the British flag. The British Empire then "will be assured of the spontaneous affection and gratitude of all conscious Jews throughout the world," though this flattering prophecy is marred by the ambiguous remark that "what England can gain in that way we can measure by what she has lost through the failure to satisfy Irish national sentiment," which is either inept or wholly misleading.

We may say at once that this article in the *New Europe* does not represent any body of opinion in this country. We know nothing of General Murray's military plans, but it is obviously absurd to suppose that wherever our armies go, there they must and will remain. German propagandists have used that ridiculous argument to alarm Allies and neutrals, but it has not imposed on the most credulous. We have never met any serious person who thought that the possession of Palestine was necessary to the defense of the Suez Canal or that it was desirable on other grounds. The Sinai

Desert has not indeed proved an impassable barrier to would-be invaders of Egypt, any more than it was in the days of the Hittites or the Assyrians, and we, like Napoleon, have crossed it to attack the Turks in Palestine. But a belt of almost waterless wastes a hundred miles across is a far better defense than most frontiers have, and even in these days, with railways and pipe-lines and aeroplanes at a general's command, the Sinai Desert is a very awkward obstacle to overcome in face of a well-armed and vigilant defending force. We should need a good deal of evidence to convince us that the Suez Canal would be more easily and cheaply defended by holding the mountains from Mount Carmel to the Jordan Valley and the hills of Judæa than by watching the few tracks across the Sinai Desert. Besides, there is not the least likelihood that Turkey will remain after the war either a vassal of Germany or the ruler of Palestine. The German hold over the Turk must be shaken off, and the Turkish misrule of subject-races like the Arabs and Syrians must cease, or we shall not have won the war. The alleged military necessity for annexing Palestine is thus disposed of. On other grounds the project is wholly objectionable. Within the British Empire we have already a sufficiency of Dependencies, of undeveloped or half-developed lands inhabited by alien and backward races. Our responsibilities in this field are stupendous already and must not lightly be increased. The problem of the Dependencies perplexes everyone who tries to think out a scheme for the closer organization of the Empire, and it would be tempting Providence to add unduly to the number and variety of such possessions. We may have to assume the duty of restoring Mesopotamia to something like its old prosperity, as we have

done in similar circumstances in Egypt, but the prospect, though full of romantic possibilities, is not by any means to be welcomed. For us to undertake such a task in Palestine would be sheer madness. We can expend all our spare capital in developing Nigeria or East Africa far more profitably than in trying to make long-neglected Palestine flow with milk and honey once again after many centuries. And from the political standpoint annexing Palestine would be like putting one's hand into a wasps' nest. The question of the Holy Places is still as thorny as ever it was. Young readers of history smile when they are told that the Crimean War was caused by a dispute over a key and a star, but they are wrong if they think that the sentiments then so rudely excited are dead beyond recall. Our French friends have never forgotten that Francis I was recognized in 1535 by Solyman the Magnificent as sole protector of the Latins in Turkey, and the French Roman Catholics have never ceased to maintain the ancient Franciscan convents in Jerusalem and to contend for their time-honored privileges at the Holy Sepulchre. They would, we are sure, be deeply hurt, even if they were too polite to admit it, by any proposal on our part to annex the Holy Land. Russia and the Greek Church as a whole are profoundly interested also in Jerusalem, and so are the Syrians and the Arabs as well as the Jews. It is impossible for any sober statesman to treat a country like Palestine, the focus of so much ancient religious and historic feeling, as if it were a tract of tropical Africa, to be annexed at will on the flimsiest of pseudo-military grounds.

The proposal to colonize Palestine with Jews stands on a different footing. Though by no means new, it seems to us entirely commendable. The Zionists have been working at the scheme for

twenty or thirty years, with help from the Rothschilds, and the late Baron Hirsch apparently intended his millions to be devoted to the colonization of Palestine on a large scale by the Jews from the Russian Pale and from Roumania. Long before the Zionists, the idea was brilliantly set forth by a great Jew in that most witty and fascinating romance, *Tancred*. The Emir Fakredeen of the Lebanon, whom Tancred de Montacute met during his pilgrimage to the Holy Land, was full of fantastic schemes for founding a new Syrian Empire based on the Druses and Maronites, but he was at heart a Jew and desired the regeneration of his race. When Tancred remarked to the Jewish banker: "It seems to me that you govern every land except your own," Besso replied: "That might have been done in '39," when Mehemet Ali had driven the Turk beyond the Cilician Gates. In Tancred's period, according to Disraeli, the Palestine gossips were saying that "Palmerston will never rest till he gets Jerusalem," but the Jews knew better. In recent years a number of small Jewish colonies have been established, and before the war they were making steady progress. Immigrants from Northern and Eastern Europe naturally found it hard to accustom themselves to the new conditions, but those who persevered with Zionist support have done fairly well. It is said that the Jews already form a sixth of the scanty population, which is under seven hundred thousand, so that newcomers would find a Jewish environment in most parts of Palestine. If so much has been done despite the misgovernment of the Turk and the chronic disorder caused by the unruly nomad tribes, it is probable that the Jews would multiply and prosper were Palestine freed from the Turk and given peace and order. Mr. Zangwill's Jewish Territorial Or-

ganization has sought the world over for suitable sites for Jewish colonies, and in East Africa, in Cyrenaica, and in Angola has met with apparently insuperable difficulties. Palestine, with its great stretches of untilled land and its lack of people, seems to offer more to the Jews than any of the proposed alternatives. A thriving Jewish colony in the Holy Land would benefit everyone and offend none.

The existence of an isolated Jewish State would be precarious. It must have behind it some Christian Power or Powers, or it would become as bad a center of political intrigues as Turkey or Morocco or Persia. Yet, as we have said, the question of the Holy Places involves so much religious and national jealousy that we could not become their protector, and probably no other European Power alone could do so with safety. It seems to us that America has here a great opportunity for rendering a service to Europe and the East. She might very well undertake the task of protecting the Jewish

The Spectator.

Republic of Palestine—a neutral international Republic in which no Power was unduly favored to the exclusion of others—just as she has fulfilled the task of protecting the Republics of Cuba and Panama. America would excite no jealousy. She is on the best of terms with all the Allies, and is universally respected outside Germany. Her medical missionaries have for many years pervaded Asiatic Turkey from the Black Sea to the Red Sea, and have won the confidence and affection of the many races. America has no political aims to serve in the Near East. Her assumption of a protectorate would simply be a guarantee that the little Palestine Republic would have no external enemy to fear and would be required to maintain an honest and competent administration. Many conflicting and irreconcilable ambitions would thus be stilled forever, and Christians, Jews, and Moslems alike could visit peacefully the sacred places which have an eternal appeal for mankind.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"Our Flag and Its Message" (J. B. Lippincott Co.) is a tiny but beautiful book, which carries "Old Glory" resplendent on its cover, with a bit of the national anthem as an inscription, and contains the text of President Wilson's recent appeal to the American people, and a brief sketch of the history, meaning and message of the flag by Major James A. Moss, U.S.A., and Major M. B. Stewart, U.S.A. In these days of a reviving patriotism and a keener sense of national obligation, the little book may well serve as a reminder and an inspiration.

The West has for so long sat in judgment upon the East, and pro-

nounced its conclusions with so great assurance that it is rather refreshing and illuminating to have the process reversed, and to know what an Oriental observer of considerable acuteness thinks of the West. "The Judgment of the Orient," by K'ung Yuan Ku'suh (E. P. Dutton & Co.), gives the reader this opportunity. The author is a Chinese student and traveler, and his views are rendered into colloquial English by Ambrose Pratt. They touch not only upon the war, but upon the characteristics and ideals of the different belligerents, and, in general, upon Western peculiarities as an Oriental sees them. Some of the author's conclusions are startling, but

perhaps not less profitable to consider, on that account.

"Si Briggs Talks," by Madeline Yale Wynne (Houghton Mifflin Co.), is a most diverting experiment in "free verse" of a humorous sort, set off with drawings by Gluyas Williams which are as amusing as the text. There are thirty or more of these sketches in verse, each depicting a New England type of character and describing incidents of New England life. The delightful little book tempts to quotation, but the trouble is to determine what not to quote. Here is a specimen—"The Black-List":

I've jest seen Ed Buzzell's black-list.

It's a caution to snakes.

He keeps a list of all the folks to hate;

Keeps it strictly up to date,

'Cause he makes

Changes from time to time, as 'casion warrants, and

Won't trust his mem'ry.

Now I'm waitin'

To see a white-list;

But I guess folks don't keep 'em.

Mebbe hatin'

Comes more natchral.

The A. T. De La Mare Company of New York—experts and enthusiasts in everything that relates to out-of-doors decoration—publish two charming and useful handbooks, "Garden Guide" and "Milady's House Plants." The first is especially timely just now, when almost every suburban dweller who has a few square yards of vacant ground is dedicating it to potatoes and other utilities. It is especially intended for the amateur, and will make a strong appeal to "commuters," with its plain and simple directions for the planning, planting and maintaining of suburban gardens or city lots and its hundred or more illustrations. The other book is by an expert florist, F. E.

Palmer of Brookline, and is precisely what it professes to be,—a complete instructor and guide to success with flowers and plants in the home. A chapter of special interest is that which describes an ideal sun parlor. The instructions are conveyed with an engaging directness, and illustrations on almost every page help to interpret them.

The leading characters in Robert Hichens's new novel, "In the Wilderness," are Dion Leith, an athletic, wholesome young Englishman, capable of intense devotion; his wife, Rosamond, a deeply religious woman, gifted and beautiful, whose inclination towards the cloister has been overcome by a longing for motherhood rather than by love of him; and Cynthia Clarke, the heroine of a London *cause célèbre*, a woman of indomitable will and practised powers of fascination, whom her best friend describes as "cruel, a consummate hypocrite, absolutely corrupt, a huntress of men." His wife's obdurate estrangement from him after a domestic tragedy in which a warmer-hearted woman would have given him her sympathy, makes Leith an outcast from home and friends, and he is caught in Cynthia's net. The plot is not complicated, but the emotions involved are of the subtlest, and Mr. Hichens is at his strongest in depicting them. The introduction of Cynthia's son, Jimmy, with his boyish, unsuspecting admiration for his mother's lover, is especially effective. The closely-printed volume of nearly six hundred pages is divided into four books, and with that symbolistic blending of natural scenery and human passion in which Mr. Hichens is almost unrivaled, he places the scene of the first in Greece, of the second and third in England, and of the last in Constantinople. Frederick A. Stokes Co.